The Silver Turk

An Eighth Doctor and Mary Shelley Adventure by Marc Platt

Characters

THE DOCTOR: PAUL McGANN
Time-space traveller

MARY SHELLEY: JULIE COX
A newly acquired travelling companion

ALFRED STAHLBAUM:
Owner of The Silver Turk, 30s. Clever, obsequious, scared.

DR JOHAN DROSSEL:
50s. Theatrical, bushy-beared, heavyweight.

ERNST BRATFISCH:
A Viennese Cabby, 20s. Spry, worldly, good-hearted.

COUNT ROLF WITTENMEIER:
A ruined Viennese Aristocrat, 20s. Impetuous, headstrong.

COUNTESS MITZI WITTENMEIER:
Count Rolf's wife, 20s. Determined, wilful, motherly.

BREMM/GRAMM: NICHOLAS BRIGGS
The eponymous Silver Turk; his friend. Both lost Cyberman.

THE EMPRESS ELISABETH (Sisi), LEOPOLD KRAUSS (an investor, 40s), POLICEMAN, WAITER, HEINZ, MAN IN AUDIENCE, WOMAN IN AUDIENCE, MAID (HANNALORE), PUPPETS, BARKERS AT THE EXPOSITION

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1. NURSERY

FX: AN INFANT WITTENMEIER MEWLS.

MITZI
Ssh, ssh. There now. What's all this noise? Where's Hannalore gone? Not used to Mother at bedtime?

FX: MORE MEWLING.

Oh, there now. Ssh…
(SINGS A LULLABY TO THE TUNE OF *Silent Night (Stille Nacht)*)
Hush-a-bye, hush,
Nobody's there.
No-one in the rocking chair.
Flour on the floor
And blood on the stair,
Open the door
But the pantry is bare.
Something's cooking toni-ight.
What can be cooking tonight?

FX: SEGUE INTO FOOTSTEPS ON AN EMPTY STREET

2. EXT. EMPTY BACK STREET.

FX: COBBLED STREET VIENNESE BACKSTREET IN 1873. EARLY EVENING. FOOTSTEPS DASH UP, PAUSE AS THE TERRIFIED LEOPOLD KRAUSS CATCHES HIS BREATH. A HORSE-DRAWN HACKNEY CAB (AN OPEN-TOPPED VIENNESE FIAKER) CAN BE HEARD APPROACHING. THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE HORSES SOUND ODDLY MECHANICAL: CLIP-CLOP SLOW, REGULAR & SOUNDING LIKE THEY'RE SHOD IN WOODEN SHOES, NOT METAL ONES)

KRAUSS
Oh, Thank God… (STEPPING TOWARDS THE CAB) Cabbie! Cabbie!

FX: THE CAB DRAWS UP & THE HORSE SNORTS, AGAIN IN AN ODDLY MECHANICAL FASHION. DROSSEL IS AT THE REINS.

DROSSEL
Good evening, sir.

KRAUSS
The Stephansplatz… Quickly!

FX: KRAUSS OPENS THE DOOR AND STRUGGLES INSIDE.

Quickly!

DROSSEL
The Stephanplatz, sir?

KRAUSS
Yes! Now for pity's sake get on with it!

DROSSEL
You are Leopold Krauss?

KRAUSS
What if I am? Dammit, man, get a move on – I'm being pursued!

DROSSEL
These are hard times, Herr Krauss.

KRAUSS
Here: take your fare now. (HE HANDS OVER TWO GOLD COINS. STILL THE CAB DOESN'T MOVE) All right, I'll double it. (TWO MORE COINS) Just drive!

FX: WITH A FLICK OF THE WHIP, THE CARRIAGE SETS OFF. SEGUE BACK TO THE LULLABY.

3. NURSERY

FX: BABY GURGLES CONTENTEDLY.

MITZI
(SINGING)
Hush-a-bye, hush,
What's in the pan?
Something's bubbling
As quick as it can.
A spoonful of eyes
And a bowl full of eggs.
A handful of fingers,
An armful of legs.
That's what's cooking toni-ight.
What can be cooking tonight?

4. EMPTY STREET

FX: THE HORSE AND CARRIAGE GOING SLOWLY

KRAUSS
Faster, damn you!

DROSSEL
We have a mutual acquaintance, sir. One Alfred Stahlbaum.

KRAUSS
Stahlbaum?

DROSSEL
A beneficiary to us both.

(FX: THE CARRIAGE DRAWS TO A STOP. KRAUSS SENSES SOMETHING IS DEEPLY WRONG)

KRAUSS
Who the Hell are you?

DROSSEL
I'm not Retribution, if that's what you thought. Far from it. My sins are far too many. (HE WHISTLES)

FX: THE SCRABBLING CREATURE (GRAMM) APPROACHES DOWN THE ALLEY.

KRAUSS
Dear God!

GRAMM
(GIVES A CURDLED CAWING SOUND… LIKE A WORDLESS CYBERMAN.)

KRAUSS
What is that?

FX: A MUSICAL BOX WHIRRS & TAKES UP MITZI'S LULLABY.

DROSSEL
A better world. That's what we want. To get back what we lost and make it better.

GRAMM
(WHINES AGAIN AS IT BEGINS TO CLIMB ONTO THE CARRIAGE.)

KRAUSS
Monster! Freak! Leave me alone. Leave me alone! Aaargh!

FX: THE MUSICAL BOX CARRIES ON…

5. NURSERY

MITZI
(PICKING UP THE END OF THE TUNE)
Who was cooked in the pa-an?
Poor old Pumpernickel Man.

FX: THE MUSICAL BOX WHIRRS DOWN.

6. EXT. VIENNA STREET.

FX: A BUSY STRASSE. HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGES TRUNDLE PAST. THE TARDIS GRINDS INTO EXISTENCE. THE DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR AND MARY EMERGE. IT'S 1873, BUT THE DOCTOR THINKS IT'S 1816.

MARY
Erm… Frankfurt?

DOCTOR
Frankfurt! Mary Shelley, have you ever been to Frankfurt?

MARY
No.

DOCTOR
Obviously.

MARY
(FLUSTERED) Oh, I don't know… Stuttgart?

DOCTOR
No. But getting warmer.

MARY
Prague?

DOCTOR
Cold again… Oh, come on.

MARY
Is it Germany?

DOCTOR
Not exactly.

MARY
Oh… Austria?

DOCTOR
Maybe.

MARY
Then we must be in… Salzburg?

DOCTOR
Nearly.

MARY
Innsbruck?

DOCTOR
No…

MARY
Oh, I give up. No, no, I don't. I didn't mean that.

DOCTOR
Think. Austria… Kaffee und Kuchen. Waltzes…

MARY
Vienna!

DOCTOR
At last! Well done!

MARY
(GIGGLING SLIGHTLY AT THE MADNESS OF IT) We're in Vienna? Really? But we can't be.

DOCTOR
Just a short jump. Just to start off with.

MARY
No. That makes no sense.

DOCTOR
Yes.

MARY
But an hour since we were beside Lake Geneva. In a different country. Vienna was hundreds of miles away.

DOCTOR
Mere peanuts.

MARY
But it's impossible… so quickly. (SUDDENLY LESS FRIVOLOUS) Have I been abducted?

DOCTOR
Not exactly. Don't you remember anything I said? The marvels of the universe?

MARY
I'm not sure I trust what I remember. There've been nights like this before. Too much laudanum.

DOCTOR
Not a good thing. To reiterate. I'm the Doctor.

MARY
(A STATEMENT, NOT A QUESTION) Not the monster.

DOCTOR
Not the monster. And we came here in the TARDIS. My "blue hut."

MARY
(REMEMBERING) But you said you'd leave Vienna for the moment. Your friends could wait, you declared. Gemma and Samson.

DOCTOR
Well… I felt guilty. And I was trying to break you in gently.

MARY
Where else can your machine travel?

DOCTOR
Steady now. We've only just got here. Don't you want take in the sights?

MARY
Well, yes…

DOCTOR
Excellent. So shall we walk or take a cab?

MARY
But…

DOCTOR
Oh, walk I think. We need the fresh air.

MARY
Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(SETTING OFF) The Café Demel isn't far. (OFF) Well, come on.

MARY
Oh… Sorry.

FX: SHE DASHES TO CATCH UP & THEY WALK. WE GO WITH THEM.

DOCTOR
We've only travelled in space this time, so it's still the same year. 1816.

MARY
The same year?

DOCTOR
Same day, week and month actually. Your friends at the Villa Diodati won't even have missed you yet. (THEY STOP WALKING) Let's leave the complications of travel in time for later.

MARY
To travel in time… Forgive me… That's not easy to follow.

DOCTOR
I did try to explain.

MARY
More in the manner of a magician than a scientist.

DOCTOR
I thought you'd say I was mad.

MARY
(DISMISSING THIS AS NONSENSE) Doctor!

DOCTOR
That's good. First rule for a companion. Whenever you're in trouble, which you undoubtedly will be, that's what you shout.

MARY
Doctor?

DOCTOR
I'll leave the circumstances to your discretion. But not too often, please. It gets a bit wearing. Right. Vienna. Hot chocolate is called for. The Café Demel. We have friends to meet.

(FX: THEY STRIDE OFF)

7. VIENNA EXPOSITION. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT – BACKSTAGE

COUNT ROLF WITTENMEIER, A DESPERATE MAN, AND ALFRED STAHLBAUM, 'CREATOR' OF THE FAMED SILVER TURK, ARE ARGUING.

FX: SEVERAL CLOCKS ARE TICKING. IN THE NEXT ROOM, STAHLBAUM'S AUTOMATON, THE TURK ITSELF, PRACTISES SCALES UP AND DOWN A PIANO. SOULLESS, RELENTLESS.

STAHLBAUM
No, no, Count. I told you. Remuneration is out of the question.

ROLF
I need the money back now, Stahlbaum! They warned me not to trust you.

STAHLBAUM
Who? Who told you that?

ROLF
Were they wrong?

STAHLBAUM
Your investment in my project was accepted with gratitude. Interest will be paid at the appropriate time.

ROLF
Will you see my wife and child on the streets, forced to live in penury?

STAHLBAUM
Times are hard, Count, for all of us. People are not visiting the Exposition. Not since the Crash.

ROLF
I lost everything. Do you know what that's like? The Wittenmeiers have a household to maintain. I need my money now!

STAHLBAUM
I am pursuing other sources of patronage. I have contacts at the Hofburg.

ROLF
The Royal Family? Why would they care? Where's your creation? Through here?

FX: ROLF MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM.

STAHLBAUM
(HURRYING TO PREVENT HIM) Count!

FX: ROLF PULLS BACK A CURTAIN. THE PIANO IS MOMENTARILY LOUDER… THEN STOPS. THE AUTOMATON IS A WORK OF UTTER BEAUTY.

ROLF
(IMPRESSED) The Silver Turk. The automaton. All Vienna will talk of this mechanical wonder, Stahlbaum. That's what you said.

STAHLBAUM
Don't stop. Continue your practice.

FX: A WHIRR OF CLOCKWORK. THE TURK STARTS PLAYING THE SLOW OPENING OF BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

ROLF
Piano playing too?

STAHLBAUM
It has many talents.

ROLF
Remarkable. It moves like a living man, yet under these silks I'll warrant… (REACHING FORWARD TO PULL UP THE SLEEVE & REVEAL THE CLOCKWORK)

STAHLBAUM
Please… don't touch!

ROLF
(IN A HARDER TONE) I should take it now. Sell it off!

STAHLBAUM
No! No… What good would that do? The Turk will make our fortune. In time.

ROLF
I need money now… my family… my reputation!

FX: THE MUSIC WINDS ON.

STAHLBAUM
(CHANGING THE SUBJECT) You like a challenge, don't you, Count? Of course you do. I've seen you at the gaming tables.

ROLF
Not anymore. My gambling days are behind me.

STAHLBAUM
I saw you beat Count Larisch one time. The house was agog at your skills.

ROLF
That was at cards, not chess. Or has your little clockwork companion learnt some new tricks?

STAHLBAUM
The Turk has many accomplishments. Name your game.

ROLF
What nonsense!

STAHLBAUM
House rules. I cannot pay you back directly. Not now.
But if you were to beat the Turk…

ROLF
A game? For my loan to you?

STAHLBAUM
Your loan repaid in full – if you beat the Turk in a public game, that is.

FX: FOR A BEAT, THE MUSIC STOPS.

ROLF
And if I fail?

STAHLBAUM
Oh come, Count. The Turk's next appearance is this afternoon. You'll draw a crowd. A paying crowd. What can you possibly lose?

FX: THE TURK RESUMES ITS SCALES.

8. CAFÉ DEMEL

(FX: A BUSY VIENNESE CAFE, WITH MUTED CHATTER FROM AN ELEGANT CLIENTELE. THE DOCTOR SPINS A COIN ON THE WOODEN TABLE. HE BRINGS THE PALM OF HIS HAND DOWN TO FLATTEN THE COIN)

DOCTOR
They're late.

MARY
Your friends?

DOCTOR
Gemma and Samson. No sense of time either of them. Maybe we should order. Waiter!

WAITER
(AT A DISTANCE) Sir.

MARY
(PICKING UP THE MENU) I can't decide what to have.

DOCTOR
You're probably still a bit disoriented. I'd recommend the Sachertorte, but it hasn't been invented yet.

MARY
Do you always talk in riddles?

WAITER
You are ready to order, sir?

DOCTOR
Yes, please. Mary?

MARY
Oh… the apple strudel and coffee, bitte.

WAITER
Danke.

DOCTOR
And… gingerbread with a hot chocolate, please.

WAITER
Thank you, sir.

MARY
My German must be improving. Percy tells me I'll never master it, but suddenly everything makes sense.

DOCTOR
Travel broadens the mind.

MARY
We will be back by evening, won't we?

DOCTOR
Back?

MARY
At the Villa? Can you work the trick in reverse?

DOCTOR
Mary, we can be away for months and still home for supper on the day you left. Well, hopefully.

MARY
Doctor, you are the strangest man. I am almost alarmed by you.

DOCTOR
Really?

MARY
Will all journeys be like this? So… instantaneous.

DOCTOR
In the TARDIS, yes. Think of it as the Grand Tour to end all Grand Tours.

MARY
Without the scenery in between? But then they aren't like journeys at all.

DOCTOR
Scenery?

MARY
No impassable roads or mountains to cross. No exotic peasants staring and pointing. No glaciers or brigands.

DOCTOR
Ah…

MARY
The travelling. Surely that is the point.

DOCTOR
It's a different sort of travel. You'll get used to it. Most friends of mine jump at the chance.

MARY
I shall defer judgement on that.

DOCTOR
You are a very considered young lady.

MARY
That's not what Percy says.

DOCTOR
Well, he'd certainly know. Now, while we wait for Gemma and Samson to grace us with their presence… what would you like to see here in Vienna?

FX: HE PASSES HER A NEWSPAPER.

Take a look through the paper and see what you fancy. There must be a What's On section.

MARY
I wish they'd hurry with the order.

DOCTOR
Do you fancy waltzing? There's always some extravagant ball coming up. The Viennese love waltzing almost as much as they love cake.

MARY
"A second eyeless murder on the Ringstrasse." Ooh…

DOCTOR
It's ages since I went waltzing…

MARY
It's so strange. I can read German words that I don't even know. Ah… Doctor? The date on the newspaper.

DOCTOR
What about it?

MARY
(POINTEDLY) The eleventh of September…

DOCTOR
Ah…

MARY
Not June.

DOCTOR
No wonder it's nippy out there.

MARY
Eighteen hundred and seventy-three?

DOCTOR
Right. May I see that?

FX: HE TAKES THE PAPER.

Thank you.

MARY
That's not the date you told me.

DOCTOR
Well, of course I could point out that you can't always believe what you read in the papers… but in this case.

MARY
Is it true? Are we really half a century into the future? 1873?

DOCTOR
Maybe I overshot the mark a bit. Mary, I apologise. There probably is sachertorte after all… I wonder what happened to Gemma and Samson?

MARY
Obviously they decided not to wait.

9. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. PERFORMANCE AREA.

FX: IN A TEMPORARY WOODEN EXHIBITION ROOM, A SMALL AUDIENCE WATCHES A GAME OF DRAUGHTS BETWEEN COUNT ROLF AND THE SILVER TURK. A DRAUGHT CLICKS ONCE ON THE BOARD. THE AUDIENCE MUTTERS.

ROLF
Let's see what you make of that.

STAHLBAUM
A clever move from Count Wittenmeier, ladies and gentlemen. Another red checker taken.

FX: A CLOCKWORK WHIRR. ONE CLICK ON THE BOARD. THE AUDIENCE "Oohs…"

STAHLBAUM
The Turk counters. That is most ingenious. But how will the Count respond?

FX: BEAT. A CHECKER CLICKS. WHIRR. THE TURK CLICKS A CHECKER ONCE, TWICE. THE AUDIENCE "Ooohs." SOME SPORADIC APPLAUSE.

STAHLBAUM
Two more black checkers taken…

ROLF
I won't be beaten.

STAHLBAUM
And the Turk makes another King. The Count's position is in the gravest jeopardy.

ROLF
That's what you're meant to think.

FX: HE CLICKS THE BOARD THREE TIMES.

To me, I believe.

FX: CROWD "aahhs." MORE POLITE APPLAUSE.

ROLF
That surprised you.

FX: THE TURK WHIRRS. A CHECKER CLICKS MECHANICALLY FIVE TIMES THROUGH MOUNTING AUDIENCE AMAZEMENT.

No!

FX: AUDIENCE APPLAUSE.

STAHLBAUM
Ladies and gentlemen, the Silver Turk wins the match!

ROLF
It's a trick! A sham!

STAHLBAUM
Please, Count. (TO THE CROWD) Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you… as you have seen…

ROLF
It's a lie!

STAHLBAUM
It was a fair match. Please show you're your appreciation for the gallant loser!

ROLF
You stole my money! You're a thief! He's a thief!

FX: HE LUNGES AT STAHLBAUM.

STAHLBAUM
Unhand me!

ROLF
I demand satisfaction!

STAHLBAUM
Heinz! Throw him out!

FX: ROLF IS GRABBED AND CARRIED OUT STRUGGLING.

ROLF
(CARRIED OUT) I demand satisfaction! I demand it!

FX: THE CROWD ARE LEAVING.

STAHLBAUM
(RATTLED) Ladies and gentlemen, the show is over. I apologise. Many apologies. So sorry. Such a bad loser. Please, clear the room. Thank you.

9A. EXT. VIENNA EXPOSITION GROUNDS/TENT.

FX: COUNT ROLF IS THROWN TO THE GROUND. PEOPLE MILLING.

HEINZ
Next time, it'll be the police.

ROLF
(STRUGGLING UP, DESPAIRING) Ruffians! Thieves! (TO HIMSELF) Where now? Who'll listen now? No one listens.

(FX: HE STUMBLES AWAY)

10. EXT. EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FX: LIGHT CROWD OF PEOPLE MILLING. DISTANT STEAM TRAIN WHISTLE

DROSSEL
(DISTANT, THROUGH THE MELEE) This way to the Grand Theatre of Marionettenburg! Dancing, singing, no strings attached!

BARKERS
(SCATTERED UNDER DIALOGUE) This way to the tearooms / Visit the Temple of Kyoto / Ladies and Gentlemen, the Machine Hall is open / British Biscuits – at the Emporium now!

DOCTOR
The Vienna Exposition. That was an unexpected extra. Maybe 1873 isn't such a bad year after all. Thanks for paying at the café by the way. And the entrance fee.

MARY
Don't you ever carry any money? The head waiter was not amused.

DOCTOR
He couldn't resist your charms. Oh come on, Mary. You'll enjoy it. All the trade and advancement of the Western World is gathered here. It's the future – well, your future anyway.

MARY
I'll admit the Rotunda and Industrial Palace are tantalising prospects. Very well. Let's start there.

DOCTOR
You're on. Anyway, you're a writer of science fiction. Think how useful it'll be.

MARY
'Science fiction?' I'm not sure I even know what that is.

11. EXPOSITION GROUNDS/TENT

FX: PEOPLE MILLING. A DISTANT FAIRGROUND ORGAN PLAYS A MERRY TYROLEAN STYLE MELODY: AN OOMPAH WALTZ-TIME VERSION OF 'SILENT NIGHT.' THE CLACK OF PUPPETS DANCING.

ROLF
(SHOUTS) Thieves! Cheats! That's it! All turn away! Nobody look! Turn away from the pfennig-less madman!

FX: MUSIC CONTINUES.

DROSSEL
My friend.

ROLF
Let me be!

DROSSEL
No, no, my friend. Let me help you.

ROLF
No-one helps me!

DROSSEL
It's Count Wittenmeier, isn't it?

ROLF
What's that to you?

DROSSEL
Here, take my arm.

ROLF
What for? There's nothing for you here.

DROSSEL
Come along. Lean on me. (THEY WALK) That's it. In here. Safer in my tent.

FX: HE PUSHES UP A CANVAS FLAP AND THEY ENTER A TENT.

Sit down, sit down.

FX: ROLF SLUMPS DOWN ON A WOODEN BENCH.

ROLF
What do you want?

DROSSEL
These are hard times, Count. Help each other, that's a good rule.

ROLF
People take… but they never give back.

DROSSEL
Lost it all, eh? And who's to blame?

ROLF
Stahlbaum. Alfred Stahlbaum. Him and his machines.

DROSSEL
Oh, yes. Stahlbaum the Great Showman. Took you for a ride, did he?

ROLF
Took me to ruin.

DROSSEL
No surprise there. He sets his sights high… always chooses the wealthy and easily led.

ROLF
What?

DROSSEL
You're not the first, believe me. We all have our scars. But never fear, Count, I'll make sure he pays for his sins. And you can help me.

ROLF
Help <u>you</u>?

DROSSEL
(WHISTLES) Columbinetta!

FX: TENT FLAP OPENS. A CLATTERING WOODEN PUPPET ENTERS.

ROLF:
An automaton?

DROSSEL
Columbinetta, fetch in our watchdog.

FX: THE PUPPET CLATTERS AWAY.

ROLF
So you're a showman, too? A theatrical?

DROSSEL
Of a sort, Count. Although my theatre is altogether out of this world.

FX: THE CLATTERING PUPPET APPROACHES

Ah. Columbinetta returns – with our watchdog.

FX: THE SCUTTLING MONSTER GRAMM APPEARS.

GRAMM:
(CYBER-WHINES)

ROLF
(HORRIFIED) God in Heaven… what is that?

DROSSEL
My burden… my curse. Aren't you, boy?

GRAMM:
(CYBERWHINES)

ROLF
Get it away from me!

DROSSEL
It only wants you to play.

FX: GRAMM ADVANCES.

ROLF
(IN TERROR) Get it away! Aaargh!

FX: A RIPPING OF CANVAS TO INDICATE TO THE PERCEPTIVE THAT ROLF ESCAPES & ISN'T KILLED. THE FAIRGROUND ORGAN DROWNS OUT HIS SCREAMS.

12. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT

FX: BELLS JINGLE AT THE DOOR.

STAHLBAUM
(NERVOUS) The exhibit is closed. The next appearance of the Silver Turk is at five o'clock!

FX: THE BELLS ARE REPEATED.

MITZI
(OUTSIDE) Herr Stahlbaum! Please open the door!

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi? Mitzi, is that you?

FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR.

My angel!

MITZI
Countess Wittenmeier to you.

STAHLBAUM
But Mitzi… dearest…

MITZI
Is he here? My husband?

STAHLBAUM
He was. About an hour ago.

MITZI
What did he say?

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi, it's been four years.

MITZI
I'm married now. I have a daughter, as you know. Where is the Count?

STAHLBAUM
He was angry. He threatened me.

MITZI
With good reason. He lent you money and received nothing in return. He's already at his wit's end. After the Crash, he lost everything.

STAHLBAUM
I asked him to leave. I can't help him now.

MITZI
Then where is he? I don't know what he'll do.

FX: SCALES START ON THE PIANO IN THE NEXT ROOM.

Who's that playing? You have someone else here!

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi… you must leave Vienna. It's not safe here.

MITZI
You're scared. Who is that?

STAHLBAUM
Come away with me. We'll leave tomorrow. I've one more show to finish.

MITZI
I have a child now!

STAHLBAUM
(HE GRABS HER) You have influence. Friends in the royal circle.

MITZI
(SHAKING OFF HIS GRASP) Don't touch me! Where's my husband?

STAHLBAUM
Gone. He left.

MITZI
Where?

STAHLBAUM
Why should I care?

MITZI
Because I do. I fear for his life.

FX: SHE LEAVES.

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi! Wait! Wait! Be careful!

13. EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FX: CROWDS

BRATFISCH
A cab ride, sir? Fraulein?

DOCTOR
Not today, thank you.

BRATFISCH
Once round the Ringstrasse, in the most comfortable of carriages. All the landmarks, the Opera House, the Hofburg…

MARY
No, thank you. We have only recently arrived.

BRATFISCH
Then a tour is a necessity. To get your bearings. Which hotel are you staying at?

DOCTOR
You've been following us. In your cab.

BRATFISCH
Keeping a watchful eye. Can't be too careful these days.

MARY
Has he?

DOCTOR
Ever since we left the café.

MARY
Even into the Exhibition?

BRATFISCH
I'm yours for however long you stay in Vienna, sir. Any time. You're English, yes?

DOCTOR
Are we that obvious?

MARY
He's very persistent. Perhaps we should… [accept his offer]

DOCTOR
Mary, we do not need a guide.

MARY
Who's paying? Anyway, my shoes are starting to pinch.

BRATFISCH
Ernst Bratfisch at your service, Fraulein. Cab-driver to the nobility.

DOCTOR
Business is hardly booming, I take it, Bratfisch?

BRATFISCH
Not since the Stock Market Crash, no, sir. The Exposition is not drawing the crowds. Not like they planned it.

DOCTOR
And the recent attacks?

MARY
Attacks?

DOCTOR
In the paper. Front page.

MARY
Oh… Yes… Were the victims' eyes really gouged out?

DOCTOR
Mary!

BRATFISCH
Grisly business, Fraulein. Better not to walk. Not after dark.

DOCTOR
And no-one saw anything. Well, no… they wouldn't, would they? Obviously.

MARY
If that was a jest, Doctor, it was in very poor taste. You're as bad as Percy.

DOCTOR
But you've noticed nothing strange?

BRATFISCH
(SUSPICIOUS) You a policeman? Or some sort of an investigator?

DOCTOR
This is purely my own curiosity. So what have you seen?

BRATFISCH
Well… there was rumours round the city. That's how it started.

MARY
Rumours?

BRATFISCH
Plenty. Put the wind up some of the drivers, I can tell you.

DOCTOR
And?

BRATFISCH
I wouldn't want to alarm the Fraulein.

DOCTOR
Alarm her! This is Mary Shelley you're talking to. Author of the darkest, spookiest stories you could ever read.

MARY
Am I?

DOCTOR
They scared the pants off me!

MARY
Well… er… that's good to know. Continue your narrative, sir.

BRATFISCH
Well, I didn't believe the stories, Fraulein, not 'til two nights back. That was when I saw it. Halfway down Wolfstrasse by the river.

MARY
Saw what? What did you see?

FX: THE EXPOSITION SOUNDS FADE.

13A. FLASHBACK INSERT

FX: SLOW SOUND OF HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE APPROACHING AND PASSING.

BRATFISCH
It was a black carriage – a fiaker – coming towards us. Slowly it went, more like a hearse… and its horses were strange… glossy… walking all wrong… clop… clip… clop… Their hooves sounded like they had wooden shoes.

DOCTOR
And the driver?

BRATFISCH
That was it… there was no driver. The seat was empty. No sign of passengers neither. But blimey, those two nags knew where they were going. And as they passed me, the lamplight caught their eyes. And they were blue!

MARY
Blue?

BRATFISCH
Not right, was it? Not for horses.

DOCTOR
But you followed them.

BRATFISCH
Strewth, d'you think I hung about. I drove my own pair for home like the old devil himself was after us. (WE BEGIN THE TRANSITION OUT OF THE FLASHBACK AND BACK TO THE EXPOSITION) Shift yourself, Fraulein!

13B. EXT. EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FX: BACK INTO THE EXPOSITION WITH A CRUNCH AS MITZI COLLIDES WITH MARY.

MARY
Shift my what? (MITZI COLLIDES WITH HER) Ouch!

MITZI
Oh, sorry. (WEEPING) I was just… I'm so sorry.

DOCTOR
Are you alright?

MITZI
Yes… yes… I'm fine.

MARY
Are you sure?

MITZI
I was looking… My husband… I can't find him.

BRATFISCH
In the beer tent, I expect.

MARY
(IGNORING THIS REMARK) Where did you last see him? I'm sure he can't have gone far.

MITZI
(THROUGH SOBS) I don't know. He was distressed. I don't know where he went. He left home in a temper. And I'm so afraid for him.

DOCTOR
And you followed him here?

MARY
Did you have a disagreement?

MITZI
No. He had business here. Private business.

FX: IN THE DISTANCE THE PUPPET SHOW STARTS AGAIN.

BRATFISCH
Beg pardon, ma'am, but aren't you the Countess Wittenmeier?

MITZI
(SLIGHTLY TAKEN ABACK AT BEING RECOGNIZED) Yes… yes, I am.

BRATFISCH
(AWKWARD) Well, ma'am. I carried the Count a few times. And I saw him this afternoon.

MITZI
Here? At the Exposition? When?

BRATFISCH
Not fifteen minutes since. In a proper lather, he was… yelling at the crowd… swinging at folks… and then the police rolled in.

MITZI
The police!

BRATFISCH
Carted him off. Like they'd been looking for him.

MITZI
They arrested him?

MITZI
But for what?

DOCTOR
Well, at least we know he's safe.

MITZI
My husband's not a villain.

DOCTOR
Then we'll go and find him, bail him out.

MITZI
Oh, no. You're very kind, but you're visitors.

DOCTOR
Bratfisch, take us to the Police Station please?

BRATFISCH
'course, sir. This way, Countess. My cab's this way.

FX: THE CLATTERING PUPPET MUSIC COMES TO THE FORE.

14. POLICE CELLS

FX: CLANK OF AN ARMOURED DOOR OPENING. A POLICEMAN USHERS MITZI, MARY AND THE DOCTOR DOWN STEPS INTO THE CELL AREA.

POLICEMAN
Down there, Countess. Five minutes.

MITZI
But why are you holding him? Why won't you say?

MARY
This is the Count's wife. Isn't she entitled to know?

POLICEMAN
Five minutes, that's all.

FX: DOOR CLUNKS SHUT.

DOCTOR
As police cells go, not the most welcoming.

MITZI
Rolf? Rolf? It's me.

ROLF
No…

MITZI
I'm here, *liebchen*. Did they hurt you?

ROLF
Don't look.

MITZI
But why are you here? Oh, these wretched bars! I can't reach. Please, take my hand. Please.

DOCTOR
Count? Why were you arrested?

ROLF
Who's this?

DOCTOR
I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Mary.

MARY
The Countess was very distressed.

MITZI
They helped me, Rolf. They've been kind. I went to the Exposition to find you.

ROLF
We don't need their help. Leave me alone!

MARY
Doctor, perhaps we should go. It's not our affair.

ROLF
Did you see your friend – your 'dear' friend – Alfred Stahlbaum there? Did you? Did he tell you how he'd cheated me out of everything?

MITZI
Liebchen…

ROLF
Him and his clanking automaton?

DOCTOR
An automaton?

MARY
An automaton is a machine like a man.

DOCTOR
Yes. Thank you, Mary.

ROLF
What's the Turk to you? It's none of your business.

MITZI
(EXPLAINING) The Silver Turk. My husband invested in it. He's owed a large sum of money by its creator, Alfred- (CORRECTING HERSELF) Herr Stahlbaum.

ROLF
I said, leave them out of this!

MARY
The Turk?

DOCTOR
There was an automaton once called The Turk. It toured the courts of Europe playing chess. But that was years ago. Surely it's not the same one.

MITZI
They say this one has all manner of tricks. Games, music.

DOCTOR
Really. That would be worth a visit.

ROLF
That's right. Tell everyone!

MITZI
What did Stahlbaum do to you? Did he threaten you?

ROLF
I threatened him!

DOCTOR
Is that why you were arrested? For threatening behaviour?

ROLF
For murder. Several murders.

MITZI
No…

MARY
The street murders?

MITZI
But that's madness.

DOCTOR
Count, what happened after you saw Stahlbaum?

ROLF
I don't know. I staggered away… in some sort of blind rage. (EVASIVELY) I don't recall…

DOCTOR
You do recall. Tell me what you saw. Tell me.

ROLF
There was… a shape. An ugly creature. A monstrosity. Lurching at me.

DOCTOR
What sort of creature?

ROLF
Malformed. It scuttled. It had legs growing from its shoulders. Three legs! And its face, its head was smooth, bandaged, shaped like a… like a table vase!

MARY
(SOTTO) He's raving, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) I wonder…

MITZI
My poor Rolf. We'll get you the best lawyer in Vienna.

DOCTOR
Time to visit the Silver Turk, I think. Any idea what time the next show is?

15. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT

FX: CLOCKS TICKING. STAHLBAUM TRIES TO SPOONFEED HIS PRODIGY.

STAHLBAUM
Come on now. One more spoonful, you damnable object. Come on, eat up.

THE TURK
GULPS ITS FOOD.

STAHLBAUM
That's it. One last performance here, my friend. No more staring at the faces in the audience, wondering who's lurking, who's the enemy; or when they'll strike. And another spoonful. Come on. We don't want to disappoint our public, do we?

THE TURK
SPLUTTERS AND CHOKES.

STAHLBAUM
Stupid machine. Damnation! Look at my shirt!

FX: BELLS TINKLE OUTSIDE.

(STARTLED) Who's there? (HE CROSSES THE ROOM.) Who is it?

DOCTOR
Herr Stahlbaum?

FX: WE HEAR THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER OUTSIDE. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS.

STAHLBAUM
(GASPS) How did you-?

DOCTOR
Forgive the intrusion.

STAHLBAUM
Who the devil?

DOCTOR
I've come a long way to meet you.

STAHLBAUM
The exhibit is closed. The next performance is at five…

DOCTOR
I know. I couldn't wait. (HE CLOSES THE DOOR) I'd heard tell of your prodigy and had to see for myself. (STEPPING OVER TO THE EXHIBITS) My, my! You have a remarkable collection of automata. Toys and clocks.

FX: A CLOCK WHIRRS AND GOES CUCKOO.

Whoops.

STAHLBAUM
Please don't touch.

DOCTOR
Sorry. Ah… there he is. The Silver Turk. My goodness. A turban and everything. (BARGING PAST) May I take a closer look?

STAHLBAUM
No. No, wait. I didn't catch your name.

DOCTOR
I'm the Doctor.

STAHLBAUM
Doctor?

DOCTOR
What an elegant mask. Splendid moustachios. Yet he's confined to a wheelchair.

STAHLBAUM
For ease of transportation.

DOCTOR
No visible controls. May I…?

STAHLBAUM
No sir, you may not. Only I may touch the Turk. Now please go. You'll see it at the performance.

FX: STAHLBAUM USHERS THE DOCTOR BACK TO THE DOOR

DOCTOR
Of course. Sorry to disturb your dinner. (OPENING THE DOOR, THEN PAUSING) Odd that though. Feeding cabbage soup to a machine. Good afternoon.

FX: HE SHUTS THE DOOR.

STAHLBAUM
What did he want? Who was he?

FX: THE TURK SLOBBERS

Oh my friend, the sooner we're away from here, the better.

16. OUTSIDE STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT

FX: THE DOCTOR APPROACHES

MARY
Well, Doctor, what did he say?

MITZI
Did you see the Silver Turk?

DOCTOR
In part. Enough to make me suspect that it's far more than Herr Stahlbaum is letting on.

MARY
So what now?

DOCTOR
We attend the performance, of course.

MARY
Countess? Will you join us?

MITZI
Well, I… Yes, yes. If it helps my husband.

DOCTOR
Excellent. There must be a booking office somewhere.

MARY
No doubt, you'll need someone to pay for the tickets.

FX: THEY MOVE OFF

17. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. PERFORMANCE AREA

FX: THE TURK PLAYS THE MOONLIGHT SONATA — FIRST MOVEMENT. A VERY MECHANICAL PERFORMANCE. WE LISTEN FOR A MOMENT.

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) Soulless. No feeling. It plays that piano like a cash register.

MARY
(SOTTO) Hush, Doctor.

BEAT. THE MUSIC CONTINUES.

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) Clunk, clunk, clunk. *Adagio sostenuto*, for goodness sake. Ludwig would be turning in his grave if he could hear.

AUDIENCE MAN
(SOTTO) Shush!

MITZI
(SOTTO) But it has no legs, do you see?

MARY
(SOTTO) Oh. So how is it working the pedals?

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) Exactly. Now that is intriguing.

AUDIENCE MAN
(SOTTO) Will you please be quiet!

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) But it's fascinating, don't you agree? (ALOUD, TO AUDIENCE) Does anyone believe what we're seeing? Is it an illusion? Or more than that?

FX: SHOCKED GASPS AT THE DOCTOR'S EFFRONTERY

AUDIENCE MAN
Quiet, I said!

WOMAN
Yes, be quiet!

FX: MUSIC STOPS.

STAHLBAUM
Please, ladies and gentlemen! Please. If anyone has objections, he should make them known. You, sir. Herr Doctor, wasn't it? You seem to have plenty to say.

DOCTOR
Yes, I do. The posters outside claim that the Silver Turk, your creation, is an automaton – a machine that plays the fortepiano, the spinet and the flute. It has also defeated all-comers at chess, checkers and a host of other parlour games of skill and judgement.

MITZI
Doctor, please be careful.

STAHLBAUM
Ah, the delightful Countess Wittenmeier too. Do I detect a conspiracy here? But please step up, step up. The Turk is always ready to accept a challenge. Name your game.

DOCTOR
(MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE STAGE) Poker, Blackjack, Happy Families. I don't suppose the Turk is familiar with Draconian Sazou?

STAHLBAUM
Regrettably not.

DOCTOR
(MOUNTING THE STAGE) Then, since the board is already set up, I'll settle for checkers.

STAHLBAUM
Agreed. Heinz? Set the Silver Turk to the gaming table.

DOCTOR
But first I'd like to meet my opponent face to face. (TO THE AUDIENCE) I think we all would, wouldn't we?

FX: MURMURS OF APPROVAL.

STAHLBAUM
The Turk is a complex mechanical marvel, ladies and gentlemen. To preserve its mystery, I cannot allow such an examination.

DOCTOR
Why not? Machines don't have secrets. Only the people who control them. Or is the Turk perhaps not just a machine?

FX: MURMURS OF DISAPPROVAL FROM THE CROWD. ARE THEY BEING CONNED?

MARY
(SOTTO) Countess, did you see? The Turk moved. Its head turned, towards the Doctor, just for a moment.

MITZI
(SOTTO) I don't want this to continue. (ALOUD) Doctor? Please withdraw now.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, Countess. Ladies and gentlemen, Herr Stahlbaum is committing a fraud here. He's not telling you the truth about his so-called mechanical wonder.

FX: THE CROWD BECOME RESTLESS.

STAHLBAUM
Stand away from the Turk, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Why? What will it do? Threaten me with another Beethoven sonata? (TITTERS FROM THE CROWD) What's under its mask, eh? Cogs and springs? Can it answer me?

STAHLBAUM
The Turk has no voice.

DOCTOR
Maybe not. But it moves by itself. It has reflexes and it stinks of antiseptic, ether and cabbage soup. What does that tell me?

MITZI
Doctor, please don't!

MARY
Come away, Doctor!

STAHLBAUM
Throw that man out!

DOCTOR
Stand back all of you! Let's see what's under the mask!

STAHLBAUM
No!

FX: THE DOCTOR LUNGES AT THE TURK, SNATCHING OFF ITS MASK. PEOPLE GASP IN SHOCK.

THE TURK
SLOBBERS AND GASPS.

STAHLBAUM
You vandal!

MARY
What is it?

DOCTOR
I knew it! This is no fairground automaton. It's alive and deadly. Your Silver Turk's a Cyberman!

END OF PART 1

PART 2.

17 (cont). STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. PERFORMANCE AREA

(REPRISE)

DOCTOR
Stand back all of you! Let's see what's under the mask!

STAHLBAUM
No!

FX: THE DOCTOR LUNGES AT THE TURK, SNATCHING OFF ITS MASK. PEOPLE GASP IN SHOCK.

THE TURK
SLOBBERS AND GASPS.

STAHLBAUM
You vandal!

MARY
What is it?

DOCTOR
I knew it! This is no fairground automaton. It's alive and deadly. Your Silver Turk's a Cyberman!

THE TURK
SLOBBERS.

MARY
It's… alive?

STAHLBAUM
I shall summon the police!

DOCTOR
And let them in on your secret? Let them know it's not your invention?

FX: GASPS OF SHOCK FROM THE AUDIENCE

STAHLBAUM
How dare you!

DOCTOR
Listen to me, Stahlbaum. That 'thing' is more dangerous than you can possibly know! Clear the room everyone. Now!

FX: THE AUDIENCE ERUPTS. KERFUFFLE CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

AUDIENCE WOMAN
What about our money!

DOCTOR
Money? Be thankful to escape with your lives.

FX: BEGINNINGS OF PANIC. STAHLBAUM WADES INTO THE CROWD & WE GO WITH HIM.

STAHLBAUM
(TRYING TO CALM THE SITUATION) I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen, the show's over for today. Your tickets will be refunded at the booth. (HISSED ASIDE) Heinz! See to it!

FX: FROM THIS POINT, WE CROSSFADE BACK TO THE STAGE. THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE CONTINUES UNDERNEATH SCENE 18.

AUDIENCE MAN
It's an outrage!

STAHLBAUM
(USHERING THE CROWD) Outside. Please. Thank you.

AUDIENCE WOMAN
An absolute disgrace!

STAHLBAUM
I'm sorry. So sorry. Thank you.

18. ON STAGE

FX: THE DOCTOR UNTYING ROPES.

DOCTOR
Let's get these curtains closed.

MARY
Doctor? What did you call the Turk?

DOCTOR
It's a Cyberman. One of the Mondas originals.

MARY
Is that information seriously meant to enlighten me?

FX: CURTAINS SWISH CLOSED. THE SOUND OF THE CROWD IS MUFFLED.

MITZI
But you said it was alive.

DOCTOR
If you can call that living.

MARY
It's not moving now.

MITZI
(APPROACHING THE CREATURE) Is this what my husband paid for?

DOCTOR
Keep back, both of you. The first thing to do is restrain it.

MARY
But it looks so melancholy. Poor thing.

DOCTOR
You wouldn't say that if you knew its true nature.

FX: STAHLBAUM PUSHES THOUGH THE CURTAINS.

STAHLBAUM
Don't touch it! You've done enough damage, Doctor! Get out now! Out!

DOCTOR
Not until you tell me where you found that creature.

STAHLBAUM
The Turk is my creation.

DOCTOR
That's impossible, Stahlbaum. And it has no place here. Not in this time.

19. PUPPET THEATRE

FX: THE AGITATED CLATTER OF LIFESIZE WOODEN PUPPETS. DR **DROSSEL** PUSHES BACK A CANVAS FLAP.

DROSSEL
My friends… my beautiful friends, what is it? Hush now… hush… (SHOUTS) Quiet!

FX: PUPPETS QUIETEN.

That's better. Now… what's all this agitation, eh? Is it that we're so close, after so long? Can that be it?

FX: PUPPETS MORE RESTLESS.

Yes, I thought as much. Well, what shall we do then, eh? Wait? Bide our time? You know how an audience loves to be teased. Strung along. Seems a shame to rush things… but then…

FX: PUPPETS VERY AGITATED.

Yes, yes. You're right. There is that bit of unfinished business… that purse on legs, who slipped through our fingers earlier. What shall we do then, eh? Let's loose the 'dog'. Let's drop him the scent and see what he fetches us back!

FX: PUPPET EXCITEMENT.

20. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. ON STAGE

STAHLBAUM
Yes, yes, alright, I admit it. It's true. I did not create the Turk.

DOCTOR
(IRONIC) You surprise me.

STAHLBAUM
Not as such.

DOCTOR
Then where did you get it?

STAHLBAUM
Who knows where it came from? I acquired it from a forester who found it wandering deep in the woods.

DOCTOR
(DETERMINED) Where? Which woods? I need to know its location.

MARY
Doctor… what is the exact danger that the Silver Turk poses?

DOCTOR
It's incalculable, Mary. Stahlbaum, I need to know precisely where it was found!

STAHLBAUM
What's that to you? The object I bought was a ruin. I believe it was the result of some vile scientific experiment gone wrong.

MARY
What kind of 'vile scientific experiment'?

STAHLBAUM
I don't know. But I restored it. I made the Turk you see today. It was my hard work that put it back together again!

DOCTOR
I sincerely doubt that, Stahlbaum. You hardly have the requisite skills or resources.

MITZI
He had my husband's money. Oh Alfred, what have you done?

STAHLBAUM
I never denied the Count's contribution. Nor any of my patrons.

MITZI
Yet now he languishes in police custody, accused of murder!

STAHLBAUM
Murder?

DOCTOR
Mary, do you have the newspaper?

MARY
Newspaper?

DOCTOR
From the Café Demel.

MARY
Oh, yes. It's in my reticule. Here…

FX: PRODUCING THE NEWSPAPER FROM HER CAPACIOUS HANDBAG.

DOCTOR
Good. Now let's see…

FX: RUSTLE OF PAGES.

Aha! Tell me, Stahlbaum, were your other patrons, by any chance, one 'Dieter Wallmann' or 'Leopold Krauss'?

STAHLBAUM
(ASHAMED) Yes. Yes, they were.

MITZI
Alfred? Who are these people?

STAHLBAUM
They were good and trusted friends!

DOCTOR
Both wealthy Viennese businessmen, who believed in the advancement of science.

MARY
(TAKING THE NEWSPAPER FROM THE DOCTOR) And both brutally murdered on the streets of Vienna. According to this, they were attacked and savagely mutilated.

DOCTOR
Of course the police didn't spot the connection.

MITZI
But my husband said he was attacked today. By some sort of monstrosity…

FX: THE TURK STARTS TO PLAY THE RELENTLESS SCALES AGAIN.

MITZI
GASPS.

STAHLBAUM
Stop that. Stop playing!

DOCTOR
Among the many tasks you've taught the Silver Turk, was one of them to kill?

STAHLBAUM
Stop playing. I said, stop!

FX: HE GRABS A CANE FROM THE NEARBY TABLE & STRIKES THE AUTOMATON. CLANG OF THE CANE MAKING CONTACT.

THE TURK
(STOPS AND SLOBBERS, PATHETICALLY.)

MARY
There is no need for cruelty, Herr Stahlbaum!

STAHLBAUM
The Turk is not a killer.

MARY
(APPROACHING THE 'TURK') That much is clear. It can't have been this poor creature.

DOCTOR
Mary, I told you to keep away from that thing.

MARY
'Thing'? Please refrain from speaking like that in front of him, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Do you think I'll upset its feelings? Mary, it's a Cyberman. It doesn't have any—

MARY
The Count spoke of a creature with three limbs, Doctor. Look at the Turk! The poor soul has no legs. It is bound to its chair.

STAHLBAUM
Three limbs?

MITZI
Yes, that's true. Three legs growing from its shoulders.

DOCTOR
And a head like a bandaged vase. At least that fits the bill. (TAKING ON BOARD WHAT MARY SAYS) Well… if this Cyberman isn't the killer, then something else is. Any suggestions, Herr Stahlbaum?

STAHLBAUM
The Turk has not left my sight. It has no part in this.

DOCTOR
Well, you would say that, wouldn't you? Let's see if your Turkish friend has the answers.

STAHLBAUM
Leave him alone!

DOCTOR
Look, I'm only going to say this once! The presence of this thing imperils the whole of your planet!

MARY
Our planet? Doctor—

MITZI
Please, Alfred. Let the Doctor examine the Turk. If only to prove your innocence.

21. EXT. EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FX: THE ANGRY AUDIENCE OUTSIDE, SHOUTING FOR THEIR MONEY BACK.

DROSSEL
(APPROACHING) You there, Cabbie? What's going on?

BRATFISCH
Bit of a rumpus inside, sir.

DROSSEL
The Exhibition of the Turk, eh?

BRATFISCH
Sounds like the miraculous machine's broken down. Unreliable things machines are.

DROSSEL
And the Turk's proprietor? What of him?

BRATFISCH
Herr Stahlbaum? He'll be keeping his head down, if he's any sense. Tonight was the Turk's last appearance anyway.

DROSSEL
Indeed? So you know Herr Stahlbaum, do you?

BRATFISCH
Well… ran him back to his lodgings on Kartofelstrasse a couple of times.

DROSSEL
Aha.

BRATFISCH
Not a good tipper. Tight as an oyster.

DROSSEL
Oh dear, oh dear. The pitfalls of live performance. Still, one closure is another's opening. The disappointed revellers will doubtless seek their pleasures elsewhere.

BRATFISCH
Or take themselves off home. If you're after a cab, sir, Bratfisch is the name. Always ready and willing.

DROSSEL
No, no. Not I. I have my own show to run.

BRATFISCH
(INTERESTED) Oh. A new show, is it?

DROSSEL
Newly arrived. Doctor Drossel's Grand Theatre of Puppetry. Just across the Exposition. Here… tickets for your family.

BRATFISCH
(READS THE TICKET) "*The Denizens of Marionettenburg perform for your delectation.*" (WHATEVER NEXT? ANOTHER LOONY) Puppets, eh? Oh, well, thank you, sir… (CORRECTING HIMSELF) Doctor.

DROSSEL
Tell your passengers. Spectacle, drama, dancing. Not a string to be seen. A feast for the eyes. (HEADING AWAY) Good evening to you.

BRATFISCH
(TO HIMSELF) Doctor… Drossel. Second Doctor today. Both of 'em off their strudels.

22. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. ON STAGE

FX: RUSTLE OF MATERIAL. THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING THE TURK.

MARY
Are you quite certain this is necessary, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Trust me, Mary. I am. So… if we peel back the sleeve… here…

MARY
I have it…

FX: PEELING BACK OF CLOTH.

DOCTOR
Thank you. Hmmm…

STAHLBAUM
I forbid you to harm him. The Turk is my property.

DOCTOR
Herr Stahlbaum, at this moment, I am in far greater danger from your 'creature' than it is from me. Now, I need something to cut into it. Stahlbaum, do you have a pocket knife?

STAHLBAUM
If I had, I should most certainly refrain from giving it to you.

MARY
A moment, Doctor. (OPENING HER 'RETICULE' – ACTUALLY A SIZABLE DRAWSTRING HANDBAG) Um… ah yes! Here we are.

DOCTOR
How come you have a knife in your reticule, Mary?

MARY
For sharpening my pencil, of course, Doctor. A writer must always be prepared. One never knows when the muse of inspiration will descend.

DOCTOR
I see. What else have you got in there?

MARY
Well, I–

DOCTOR
No, don't tell me. I think I'm going to enjoy the surprises. Thank you, anyway… this knife should do nicely.

FX: BLADE ON METAL.

MITZI
(QUEASY) Oh… Is there to be blood? I erm… think… I may… oh… (SHE FAINTS)

STAHLBAUM
(STEPPING FORWARD QUICKLY TO CATCH HER)Mitzi… Countess…

MARY
(RETICULE RUMMAGING AGAIN) Here, I have smelling salts.

DOCTOR
(OCCUPIED) More surprises from the Retentive Reticule…

STAHLBAUM
(TAKING THE SMELLING SALTS & UNSTOPPERING THEM) Thank you, Fraulein. Here, Mitz… er Countess…

MITZI
GROANS.

DOCTOR
(COMPLETING HIS OBSERVATIONS OF THE TURK) Hmm… Well… Its response to stimulus is minimal. It's been badly damaged. And it seems you, Stahlbaum, have been keeping it under permanent sedation. I *thought* I smelt the ether.

STAHLBAUM
The Turk suffers periodic bouts of terrible pain.

DOCTOR
I'm not surprised. Presumably it lost one arm and both its legs when it crashed here.

MARY
But it has two arms.

DOCTOR
No, it doesn't. You see? The left has been replaced by a wooden construct.

STAHLBAUM
Of my own design.

DOCTOR
A wooden arm? Playing the fortepiano?

STAHLBAUM
As you have observed.

DOCTOR
That's intriguing – and worrying. You seem to possess skills way beyond your time. I wonder how you came by them.

MARY
Doctor, this 'Cyber – *Man*' seems far less like a man and far more like a machine.

DOCTOR
The Cyberman comes from another world, Mary. A lost world which was once like your Earth, but the unhappy people there were facing extinction.

MARY
You witnessed this?

DOCTOR
I did. In a desperate attempt to survive, the people of that world – Mondas – began replacing their own body parts with machines – more and more until their humanity was lost for ever.

MARY
So… these people… on this other world… They became… 'CyberMen'?

DOCTOR
Yes. Brutal and soulless.

MARY
How terrible a fate.

STAHLBAUM
What nonsense. Fantastical poppycock.

DOCTOR
They're a menace. At least they will be one day. But this century is much too early for them. Which is why I must find out this one's business. (TO THE TURK) Now then, you.

MARY
Is it safe to stand so close? If, as you say, it is a menace…

MITZI
(WOOZILY COMING ROUND) Oh… What's happening?

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi? Are you better?

MITZI
I… I think so. (NOTICING THE DOCTOR) Doctor, how is the Turk? Did it bleed? I saw a bloodletting once at a-

DOCTOR
Please be quiet, all of you. (HE TAPS THE CYBERMAN'S HELMET. QUIETLY, TO THE TURK) Can you hear me? Can you respond?

STAHLBAUM
(ALARMED) What are you doing? The Turk has no voice. He performs only the tasks I set him.

DOCTOR
Its photocell eyes are dead. Not a glimmer. But at least they're not someone else's.

MARY
(THINKING ALOUD) You're referring to the murder victims, aren't you?

THE TURK
SLOBBERS.

MITZI
It moves!

DOCTOR
Keep back! (TO TURK) Look at me. What are you doing here? What mission were you assigned?

STAHLBAUM
Leave him alone, Doctor!

THE TURK
SLOBBERS.

DOCTOR
Just a flicker in the depths. Where's your ship? And your crew? Or were you alone?

FX: SLOWLY RISING HYPNOTIC TONE OF CYBER POWER, WHICH SOMEHOW AFFECTS THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
(GASPS AS THE HYPNOTIC TONE BEGINS TO MENTALLY CHOKE HIM. STRUGGLING TO SPEAK) What… was… your mission?

MARY
Doctor? What is it? What's happening to you?

DOCTOR
(WITH DIFFICULTY) Why… are you… (THE HYPNO SOUND CUTS) here… (HE CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR)

MARY
Doctor!

MITZI
He's fainted!

MARY
Countess, please. The smelling salts.

MITZI
(FUMBLING FOR THEM & HANDING THEM OVER) Here.

STAHLBAUM
My Turk! What's he done to it?

MARY
Doctor, come on. Wake up, please. It's no good. Stahlbaum, fetch a medical man. Quickly!

STAHLBAUM
He can rot as far as I'm concerned.

MARY
Very well, I'll do it myself. Doctor, if you can hear me, I'm going to fetch help. (DISAPPEARING)

FX: THE DOOR SLAMS. STAHLBAUM STARTS PUSHING THE TURK'S CHAIR.

STAHLBAUM
(URGENT) Hurry, Mitzi. Give me a hand.

MITZI
What are you doing?

STAHLBAUM
(FEVERISH ACTIVITY) I cannot remain. I have to go. You'll help me, won't you? Don't leave us like this?

THE TURK
SLOBBERS.

23. EXT. EXPOSITION GROUNDS

FX: THE DISTANT CLACKING DANCE OF THE PUPPET SHOW. MARY APPROACHES IN DISTRESS.

MARY
(BREATHLESS FROM RUNNING) Someone please. We need help. Please, anyone!

BRATFISCH
(AT A LITTLE DISTANCE, APPROACHING) Fraulein! Over here.

MARY
(APPROACHING HIM) Bratfisch. Thank Heavens.

BRATFISCH
(MEETING HER HALWAY) I said I'd wait. There's been a right old do outside the Turk booth. People shouting, wanting their money back. (NOTICING HER DISTRESS) Here, are you all right?

MARY
Please. My companion the Doctor has collapsed. Can you help?

BRATFISCH
Lead the way.

24. STAHLBAUM'S EXHIBIT. BACKSTAGE

FX: DOOR CLATTERS AS MARY AND BRATFISCH ENTER.

MARY
Through here. There he is.

BRATFISCH
Let's take a look. (CROUCHING) Now then…

MARY
But where are the others?

BRATFISCH
Out like a lamp, he is. (TAPPING THE DOCTOR'S CHEEK) Come on, wakey wakey.

MARY
Stahlbaum and the Countess. They've gone. And the Silver Turk. They've taken it with them.

BRATFISCH
Come on, open up.

MARY
(TERRIFIED) His eyes… They haven't been…

BRATFISCH
No, no, Fraulein. Still here.

MARY
Oh… thank Heavens.

BRATFISCH
Something must have given him a hell… begging your pardon… of a beating.

MARY
Nothing touched him. He looked into the eyes of the Turk and fell back senseless.

BRATFISCH
The Turk? That puppet thing?

FX: DOOR CLATTERS. **MITZI** ENTERS, OUT OF BREATH & DISTRESSED.

MARY
Countess!

MITZI
I couldn't stop him. I'm sorry. He took the Turk with him.

BRATFISCH
Who did? Stahlbaum?

DOCTOR
(WOOZY) Is he leaving Vienna?

MARY
Doctor!

DOCTOR
"Doctor!" (SITTING UP) What did I tell you? First rule of a companion.

BRATFISCH
The Fraulein was worried.

MARY
You were unconscious.

DOCTOR
I'd been attacked. I was collecting my thoughts. There were a lot to collect. Where is Stahlbaum heading, Countess?

MITZI
I… I don't know. He didn't say.

DOCTOR
And yet you helped him escape – with the Turk, the Cyberman. I knew I should have disabled that horror there and then.

MITZI
Alfred Stahlbaum is… an old friend. As for the Turk, Alfred is more than capable of [dealing with-]

DOCTOR
'Alfred' is under its influence. It tried to mesmerise me too – that's an old trick of theirs – but it's not strong, so I managed to shield my thoughts from its attack.

MARY
Then what will Stahlbaum do now?

DOCTOR
He's a frightened man. My guess is that someone is hunting him - and the Silver Turk. The sort of someone who thinks nothing of killing people and stealing their eyes.

BRATFISCH
The murders on the Ringstrasse?

DOCTOR
No wonder Stahlbaum's scared. Two of his patrons are already dead.

MARY
Then this is some sort of vendetta.

DOCTOR
And next on the list…

MITZI
(AGHAST) My husband.

DOCTOR
It's already tried once. Ernst Bratfisch? How are your horses?

BRATFISCH
In fine fettle, Doctor. Back to the police station, is it?

DOCTOR
Absolutely. And with the greatest speed, if you please.

25. POLICE CELLS

FX: AS BEFORE, EXCEPT WE ARE ON ROLF'S SIDE OF THE BARS THIS TIME – INSIDE HIS CELL. HE RATTLES THE BARS IMPATIENTLY.

ROLF
Sergeant! Sergeant!!

FX: DOOR CLANKS OPEN.

POLICEMAN
What is it now?

ROLF
My lawyer must be here by now. He was sent for hours ago.

POLICEMAN
It's late. Perhaps he'll come in the morning. Now get some sleep and don't bother me again.

ROLF
Wait, I-

FX: DOOR SHUTS.

(SHIVERS) Sleep? In this pit?

FX: SOMETHING SCRABBLES AT THE WINDOW. AND AGAIN.

Who's there?

FX: SCRABBLE.

Who is it?

FX: PLASTER CRUMBLES. AN IRON BAR CLANGS TO THE GROUND. **GRAMM**, DROSSEL'S CYBERCREATURE, SCRAMBLES IN, CAWING AND WHINING.

Dear God, you again. Get away from me! (RATTLING THE BARS OF HIS CELL AS AT THE TOP OF THE SCENE, ONLY WITH MUCH MORE URGENCY AND PANIC) Sergeant! Sergeant!!

26. POLICE STATION

FX: DOOR CLATTERS AS THE DOCTOR, MITZI AND MARY HURRY IN.

DOCTOR
(FORGOING ANY SOCIAL NICETIES) Sergeant, we need to see Count Wittenmeier. We believe he is in serious danger.

POLICEMAN
No more visitors tonight, sir.

DOCTOR
That's not good enough. We demand to see him. (HE THUMPS THE SERGEANT'S DESK)

POLICEMAN
Oh, do you now.

MARY
Sergeant, it is of the utmost urgency.

MITZI
Please, Sergeant. There have been threats against my husband's life.

POLICEMAN
He's safe under lock and key, Countess. Best place for him. In the morning, that's when you and your lawyer here can see him.

DOCTOR
Lawyer? Now hang on a minute.

MARY
Countess, perhaps we should take you home.

ROLF
DOWN BELOW, GIVES A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

MITZI
That was Rolf!

ROLF
SCREAMS AGAIN.

DOCTOR
He's in trouble. Come on! (BARGING PAST THE DESK & TOWARDS THE CELLS)

POLICEMAN
Hey!

27. POLICE CELLS

GRAMM
CAWS, REACHING FOR ROLF.

ROLF
IS MOANING WITH PAIN. P-please! No!

FX: THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN. THE **DOCTOR**, **MARY**, **MITZI** AND THE **POLICEMAN** CLATTER DOWN STAIRS.

GRAMM, STARTLED, HISSES & SCRAMBLES OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

POLICEMAN
What in Heaven's name-?

DOCTOR
(QUICKLY) Mary, go to the window and see where it's headed. Sergeant, the lantern. Quickly, man! (HE TAKES THE PROFFERED LANTERN) Now open the cell.

MITZI
Rolf! Rolf! Are you all right? Doctor, he's been hurt.

FX: **POLICEMAN** FITS THE KEY.

DOCTOR
Mary?

MARY
It's on the rooftops, Doctor! Climbing… scuttling like a spider.

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

MITZI
Rolf…

ROLF
GROANS.

MITZI
Let me see, liebchen. Oh… oh, your poor face!

DOCTOR
Sergeant! Fetch bandages now!

POLICEMAN
Poor devil…

FX: HE HURRIES AWAY.

MARY
(APPROACHING) It's gone, Doctor. Vanished into the night. How is the Count?

DOCTOR
The attacker was disturbed. It got at one eye…

MARY
How awful!

DOCTOR
…but not the other. He'll live.

ROLF
GROANS

MITZI
(COOING & COMFORTING ROLF) Shh, liebchen. Shh! Mitzi's here.

MARY
(ASIDE TO THE DOCTOR) But why does it do that, Doctor? Attack in that horrible way?

DOCTOR
(ASIDE TO MARY) I've no idea. Yet. (TO MITZI) Countess, I'm so sorry. Your husband must be moved to hospital quickly. We really need to staunch the bleeding. Now, where did I put…?

FX: THE DOCTOR STARTS PATTING HIS POCKETS.

ROLF
GROANS.

MITZI
(YELLS) Sergeant, get a move on! (COMFORTING ROLF) It's alright, my dearest. I'm here now.

MARY
(SOTTO) She fainted at the mere thought of blood earlier. Now look at her.

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) Natural resilience in the face of crises. (POCKET-SLAPPING. NORMAL VOLUME) Come on, I know you're here somewhere.

MARY
What have you lost?

DOCTOR
Ah, got it. (HE TAKES OUT A SMALL HYPOSPRAY INJECTOR & UNCAPS IT) This is temporally unethical, I know, but given the circumstances. (HE SPRAYS IT INTO ROLF'S ARM) Hyper Eth-iodine – a general anaesthetic. It'll reduce the chance of secondary infection too. And it'll help the Count sleep.

MITZI
I'm grateful, Doctor. (LOUDLY) Sergeant! Where are you?

FX: THE DOOR BURST OPEN & THE SERGEANT HURRIES UP.

POLICEMAN
Here, Countess. A doctor's on the way.

DOCTOR
I trust you'll be dropping charges now.

POLICEMAN
This will be… erm… taken into account. Certainly.

DOCTOR
I should hope so. Murderers don't usually attempt to murder themselves. Now fetch a stretcher.

FX: THE SERGEANT DASHES OFF. ROLF'S BREATHING EASES AS THE HYPER ETH-IODINE TAKES EFFECT.

There. He's breathing easier now.

MITZI
Then I must go home.

MARY
Home? Aren't you accompanying your husband to hospital?

MITZI
I have a daughter at home. I must go back and see that she is safe.

DOCTOR
We'll take the cab. And Mary can stay with you…

MARY
Of course.

DOCTOR
…while Bratfisch and I seek out our friend Herr Stahlbaum.

28. STAHLBAUM'S GARRET

FX: STAHLBAUM STRUGGLING WITH A TRUNK.

STAHLBAUM
Come on. Close, damn you.

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

DROSSEL
Leaving Vienna so soon, Stahlbaum?

STAHLBAUM
Drossel!

DROSSEL
Whom did you expect?

STAHLBAUM
(SCARED) How did you find me?

DROSSEL
You weren't easy to pursue, I'll admit… until you started putting up posters. *The Silver Turk. The Mechanical Wonder of the Age*. Dear, oh dear. And then a common cabdriver was indiscreet with the address of your lodgings.

STAHLBAUM
The Turk's mine, Drossel. I won't give him back.

DROSSEL
Yours? You stole him.

STAHLBAUM
I remade him.

DROSSEL
But you don't understand him.

STAHLBAUM
At least, unlike you, I give him more respect than a miserable dancing bear.

DROSSEL
Oh, I'm sure he takes pride of place amongst all your other toys.

FX: HE FLICKS A SWITCH. CLOCKWORK WHIRRS. A MUSICAL BOX PLAYS PAPAGENO'S JAUNTY ARIA 'EIN MÄDCHEN ODER WEIBCHEN' FROM 'THE MAGIC FLUTE.'

STAHLBAUM
I care for him. He learns new skills.

DROSSEL
And impresses the gentry playing gavottes on the fortepiano? Where is he, Stahlbaum?

STAHLBAUM
Not here. Away from you.

DROSSEL
You can't hide him forever. He will kill. It's his nature. He will be uncontrollable.

STAHLBAUM
As you've killed my patrons? It was you, wasn't it? Will you murder me too and tear out my eyes? I knew you were sullied, but never so full of spite.

DROSSEL
(AMUSED) We need you to suffer, Alfred, my pets and I.

STAHLBAUM
Your 'pets?'

DROSSEL
We have a new world to build, you see. A beautiful new world – and you have no part in it.

STAHLBAUM
You're insane.

DROSSEL
We shall hound you. Shred away your comforts, one by one. Flee where you like. Run to the North Pole, we'll still be at your heels.

FX: STAHLBAUM OPENS A DRAWER AND TAKES OUT A GUN.

STAHLBAUM
Not any more.

DROSSEL
(CHUCKLES) A toy revolver? Did you pick that up at the Expo-[sition]?

FX: STAHLBAUM SHOOTS. AND TWICE MORE. DROSSEL IS KNOCKED BACK INTO THE DRESSING TABLE BY THE FORCE OF THE BULLETS. THE SMOKE CLEARS. A BEAT.

DROSSEL:
(CHUCKLES AGAIN) Bang bang…

FX: DROSSEL BEGINS GETTING UP, SHARDS OF BROKEN MIRROR TUMBLING FROM HIS CLOTHES.

STAHLBAUM
Die! Why don't you die?! (HE CLATTERS OUT IN DESPAIR) Monster!

DROSSEL
(CALLING) We're behind you, Alfred! Run all you want. We'll always be there!

FX: THESE LAST WORDS ECHO INTO THE NIGHT.

29. THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

FX: A COMFORTABLE SALON. A DOORBELL JANGLES DISTANTLY. IN THE HALL BEYOND THE CLOSED SALON DOOR, A MAID HURRIES TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR TO ADMIT MITZI & MARY. MITZI STARTS SPEAKING IN THE HALL & CONTINUES TO SPEAK AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR INTO THE SALON.

MAID
Ma'am! I'm sorry, but we weren't expecting you until later. May I take your coat?

FX: THEY ENTER THE SALON

MITZI
I'm fine, thank you, Hannalore. Is the baby sleeping?

MAID
Yes, ma'am. Sound asleep.

MITZI
Very well. Please bring some food for Fraulein Shelley and myself. Thank you, Hannalore.

MAID
Ma'am.

FX: HANNALORE CLOSES THE DOOR.

MARY
No-one on the street.

MITZI
Please Mary, close the curtain. (MARY DOES SO) Will the Doctor be long, do you think?

MARY
I don't know. Bratfisch said he knew where Herr Stahlbaum was lodging. But if they find the Turk, what happens then?

MITZI
Or if that other creature comes here. We have no staff to protect us. After the Crash, we had to dismiss most of the household.

MARY
The Crash? I'm sorry. I didn't realise, Countess. (ALMOST TO HERSELF) The future seems so bleak a place.

MITZI
Please, call me Mitzi. (PULLING BACK A CHAIR) Here, sit down. You look tired.

MARY
(SITTING DOWN) Thank you… Mitzi.

MITZI
(SITTING DOWN HERSELF) Have you known the Doctor long?

MARY
It feels like only a day or so, and yet… I don't know… by the calendar, I met him years ago. Heavens, I only just thought. However old does that make me?

MITZI
Not yet twenty, surely?

MARY
By Eighteen Seventy-Three, I'd be nearly… (SUDDENLY RUMMAGING IN HER RETICULE) Where's my mirror?

MITZI
I don't think I quite follow.

MARY
(OBSERVING HERSELF IN THE GLASS) No. I look just the same. And yet I was born- (A LITTLE GASP AS THE IMPLICATION HITS) My friends, my family, my husband… they'll all be ancient or… (*dead*.) No, I'm being foolish. It cannot work out like that.

MITZI
(SOBS.)

MARY
Countess? Mitzi?

MITZI
(THROUGH TEARS) I'm sorry. You were speaking of your husband and I thought of Rolf. Oh, Mary, what shall we do? There's nothing left. We have nothing.

MARY
Come on now. The Count is safe. He'll be home. It'll all work out.

MITZI
(DRYING HER TEARS) This Doctor of yours. He seems so strange. Is he a good man?

MARY
Of course, he is. Of course. (UNCONVINCED) I'm sure of it.

FX: DISTANT HORSE WHINNY.

MITZI
(SUDDENLY HUSHED) What was that?

MARY
(SOTTO) Something outside. I'll peep through the curtains and see.

MITZI
(SOTTO) Take care.

FX: SHE EDGES ASIDE THE CURTAIN.

MARY
(SOTTO) Hmm.

MITZI
(SOTTO) What is it?

MARY
(SOTTO) There's a horse-drawn cab across the street, under the lamp. Waiting.

MITZI
(SOTTO) Is it the Doctor and Bratfisch? Are they returned?

MARY
(SOTTO) No. It's waiting. But… it doesn't… have a driver.

30. STAHLBAUM'S GARRET

FX: THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

BRATFISCH
Hullo? (BEAT) No-one here. I reckon Herr Stahlbaum's flown the cage, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Let me see. (HE THUMPS INTO A TRUNK) Ow, ow!

BRATFISCH
Doctor?

DOCTOR
Nothing. Ow. Caught my knee on this trunk. Ooh… It's difficult to see in here.

BRATFISCH
Hang on, there's a lamp. Where's my matches?

FX: WE HEAR A BOX OF MATCHES BEING PRODUCED

DOCTOR
No, wait!

BRATFISCH
What?

DOCTOR
(SNIFFS) Can you smell it? Sulphur. Potassium Nitrate… (SNIFF) Gunpowder. Either it's a trap… or someone's fired a gun in here recently.

BRATFISCH
Gunpowder? Guns? Blimey, what have you dragged me into? If my wife knew what I was doing…

DOCTOR
(SNIFF) All right. It's low level. You can risk a match.

BRATFISCH
You're sure? I've got nippers to think of.

DOCTOR
Come on, Bratfisch. Give them here.

BRATFISCH
I can manage, thanks.

FX: HE STRIKES A MATCH.

There we are. Whoa. It's like a toyshop in here.

DOCTOR
And look at this. Splintered wood, bulletholes in the plaster. Fired at close range. And from the angle of entry… from over… here.

DROSSEL
Good evening.

BRATFISCH
Strewth! Didn't see you there, sir.

DOCTOR
Good evening. You gave Bratfisch here a fright. Do you normally sit in the dark like that? I'm the Doctor, by the way.

DROSSEL
So I gathered.

DOCTOR
You probably have a name too.

BRATFISCH
Hang on… You were at the Exposition. It's Doctor… Doctor…

DROSSEL
Doctor Johan Drossel.

BRATFISCH
Course it is, sir. From the puppet theatre. The gent who's generous with his tickets.

DOCTOR
Puppets! At the Exposition? Are you waiting for Herr Stahlbaum too?

DROSSEL
He's been and gone, sir. Does he owe you money as well?

DOCTOR
No, just an explanation. I hope those bullets weren't aimed at you.

DROSSEL
They were. Fortunately Stahlbaum is a diabolical shot.

DOCTOR
He must be in this tiny garret.

DROSSEL
I put it down to his negative disposition.

DOCTOR
So you share his interest in puppets and automata?

FX: HE CLICKS A TOY. IT WHIRRS AND BANGS TINY CYMBALS. THE TOY RAPIDLY WINDS DOWN.

Have you seen the Silver Turk?

FX: THE TOY COMES TO A HALT.

DROSSEL
A dismal and vulgar lapse in theatrical taste.

DOCTOR
And its piano playing was really dreadful too. I wonder where it's gone. Did you come for a refund?

DROSSEL
The Turk was my creation, Doctor. Alfred Stahlbaum stole it from me. He is a fraud and a thief, obsessed with currying favour with the Imperial Family.

DOCTOR
That would be Franz-Josef and Elisabeth by now. I don't recall them being great fans of curry.

DROSSEL
This is no game for amateurs. (LEAVING) Keep clear, sir, lest you find yourself out of your depth. Good evening.

FX: HE CLUMPS DOWN STAIRS.

DOCTOR
(CALLS) Is that a challenge, Drossel? If it is, I accept!

BRATFISCH
Did you see his waistcoat, Doctor? Two clean bulletholes to the chest and not a splash of blood.

DOCTOR
I did indeed. It's late. Home, I think Bratfisch, where Fraulein Shelley will be delighted to pay you.

31. THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

FX: AS BEFORE. MARY & MITZI SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES.

MARY
The cab still hasn't moved. Even the horse hasn't moved. What does it want, I wonder.

MITZI
Oh, why doesn't the Doctor come back? He will come back, won't he?

MARY
Wait! Something's out there.

MITZI
(APPROACHING) Where? Let me see.

MARY
Beyond the cab. In the shadows. There! They're coming this way.

FX: DISTANT CLATTERING OF WOODEN PUPPETS ON THE STREET, SLOWLY APPROACHING.

MITZI
Who are they? There's a whole band of them.

MARY
Carnival revellers, to judge from the masks.

MITZI
It's the wrong time of year for Fasching or Carnival. Look at the way they're moving. Are they drunk, do you think?

MARY
I'm not sure. They're certainly moving strangely. Fetch the poker from beside the fire.

MITZI
You don't think-

MARY
Fetch it.

FX: MITZI FETCHES THE POKER

They're surrounding the house.

MITZI
(HANDING OVER THE POKER) What do they want? Do you think they-

FX: DOOR BELL JANGLES.

MITZI
GASPS.

MARY
Don't open the door. The Doctor said to keep it bolted.

FX: BELL JANGLES.

MAID
(OFF) It's all right, ma'am. I'll get it.

MARY
The maid!

MITZI
Hannalore! Don't answer the door!

FX: THEY RUSH INTO THE HALL & WE GO WITH THEM.

32. THE HALL

MITZI
Hannalore! No!

FX: THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

THE MAID
Well bless my- (SOME PUPPETS LEAP AT HER & SHE SCREAMS)

FX: PUPPETS ARE CLATTERING IN.

MITZI
Hannalore!

MARY
Mitzi. Upstairs. Guard your child. I shall make a stand here!

MITZI
But… you cannot!

MARY
I have the poker. Now go! Save yourself!

MITZI
CRIES OUT AND FLEES UP THE STAIRS.

FX: PUPPETS CLATTERING ALL ROUND MARY.

MARY
Stand back. I shall strike out. I warn you!

FX: THE PUPPETS ADVANCE.

Stand back!

FX: SHE SWINGS WITH THE POKER & STRIKES A PUPPET ASIDE. AGITATED CLATTERING.

I mean what I say.

FX: WITH A SUDDEN CLATTERING THE PUPPETS MOB HER.

(STRUGGLING, FIGHTING, STRIKING OUT) No! Agh! Put me down! Put me down! Let me go! Help! Help!

FX: BUT HER CRIES ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE CLATTERING HUBBUB.

33. EXT. BRATFISCH'S CAB

FX: TRAVELLING HORSE. JINGLE OF REINS.

BRATFISCH
(CALLING DOWN) Nearly there, Doctor. The Count's house is just around the next corner.

DOCTOR
I'll need you again in the morning, Bratfisch. Six o'clock say, after breakfast.

BRATFISCH
(SLOWING DOWN) Hang on, that's not right.

DOCTOR
What's the matter?

BRATFISCH
Front door's wide open.

DOCTOR
(JUMPING FROM THE CAB AND DASHES UP TO THE HOUSE.) Mary! *Mary!!!*

34. THE HALL

FX: DOCTOR DASHES IN. A DISTANT BABY IS CRYING.

DOCTOR
Mary! Where are you?!

BRATFISCH
(RUSHING IN JUST BEHIND THE DOCTOR) Are they all right?

DOCTOR
I don't know. Looks like there's been a fight in here.

BRATFISCH
The front door wasn't forced. Someone inside must have opened it.

DOCTOR
I told them to keep it bolted.

FX: A CREAK.

BRATFISCH
Someone upstairs. Hello?

MITZI
(UPSTAIRS – SCARED) Go away! Please, leave us alone!

FX: CROCKERY IS THROWN AT THEM FROM UPSTAIRS SMASHING ON THE FLOOR AROUND THEM.

BRATFISCH
Woah! Countess! It's Bratfisch. And the Doctor's here too.

MITZI
(DASHING DOWN THE STAIRS) Oh, thank the Lord! Have they gone? All of them?

DOCTOR
All of who? Who's been here! Where's Mary?

MITZI
I don't know. There were so many of them. And they took her… carried her away. I couldn't stop them!

35. DROSSEL'S TENTED THEATRE. A CAGE

FX: **MARY** LIES ON THE STRAW-COVERED FLOOR. SHE SITS UP.

MARY
(GROGGY. GROANING.) Mnghhh. Hello? Anybody there? (SHE SCRABBLES ACROSS THE STRAW TO THE IRON BARS OF THE ANIMAL CAGE, RATTLING THEM) Hello?

GRAMM IS IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER.

GRAMM
(SOBS.)

MARY
Who's there? Hello?

GRAMM
(SOBS)

MARY
I'm sorry. I can't see you. Where are you? Do you know why they're keeping us in this animal cage?

GRAMM
(SOBS)

MARY
Are you in pain? Come into the moonlight, so I can see you. I may be able to help.

GRAMM
(GIVES A QUESTIONING WHINE & CRAWLS ACROSS THE STRAW INTO THE MOONLIGHT)

MARY
(GASPS) You're the other Turk! The one from the cell! The other Cy-ber-man!

GRAMM REACTS, WHINES & STARTS SCRABBLING TOWARDS HER.

MARY
No. Stay away from me.

GRAMM
(WHINE WELLING INTO SING-SONG CYBER) Cyberman? Cyberman? How do you know me? How do you know my name?

END OF PART 2.

PART 3.

35. THE CAGE.
(REPRISE)

GRAMM
(GIVES A QUESTIONING WHINE & CRAWLS ACROSS THE STRAW INTO THE MOONLIGHT)

MARY
(GASPS) You're the other Turk! The one from the cell! The other Cy-ber-man!

GRAMM *REACTS, WHINES & STARTS SCRABBLING TOWARDS HER.*

MARY
No. Stay away from me.

GRAMM
(WHINE WELLING INTO SING-SONG CYBER) Cyberman? Cyberman? How do you know me? How do you know my name?

MARY
I don't know you.

GRAMM
You know my identity. My race.

MARY
Keep away.

FX: GRAMM STOPS IN FRONT OF MARY.

GRAMM
No-one knows my name. You are the first.

MARY
The first?

GRAMM
Who else knows? Have you seen another?

MARY
I… I might have been mistaken.

GRAMM
Am I not the last? The last of the Cybermen?

36. THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE — HALL

DOCTOR
I told Mary. Siege conditions. Don't open the door!

MITZI
We didn't. It was the maid, Hannalore. They leapt on her as soon as she opened the door, but she managed to escape with me upstairs. Mary stayed downstairs and tried to fight them off.

DOCTOR
Fight them!

MITZI
They forced their way in. Mary was so brave. But I had to guard my daughter.

BRATFISCH
Course you did. I'd have done the same with me own nippers.

MITZI
She set at them with the poker. There was a band of them, masked so their faces were hidden. And their shoes clattered…

DOCTOR
Clattered?

MITZI
As if they were wearing clogs. And they moved jerkily…

DOCTOR
'Jerkily'? What d'you mean 'jerkily'?

MITZI
Like marionettes. They took Mary. They carried her off and threw her into a cab. I couldn't follow. I'm sorry. My child.

BRATFISCH
(UNNERVED) This cab? Did it have a driver?

MITZI
None that I could see. But how could that be? The horses can't go by themselves.

BRATFISCH
Nothing else was touched. They knew what they were after.

DOCTOR
They were under orders, that's obvious. But why take Mary?

37. THE CAGE.

GRAMM
Where did you see another Cyberman? What is its location?

MARY
(FLUSTERED) I don't know. I could be wrong.

GRAMM
There are no more. I am alone. (WHINES WITH PAIN)

MARY
Are you in pain? Shall I call for help?

GRAMM
Clarify 'pain.'

MARY
Pain? Don't you know? Well… it's hurt… hurting inside. Aching or burning. When you cannot follow your thoughts because your body is shot with spasms.

GRAMM
Pain… Yes, I am in pain. (WHINES AGAIN) I am damaged. My body malfunctions.

MARY
(WITH GENUINE PITY) I'm so sorry. How can I help?

GRAMM
What is your name? Your specification?

MARY
I am Mary… Shelley.

GRAMM
My specification is Gramm.

MARY
Gramm. Where do you come from, Gramm?

GRAMM
This is my world.

MARY
Yours?

GRAMM
Once I had limbs like you.

MARY
But you had an accident. Were you in a war?

GRAMM
My ship lost control and crashed. I lost my legs. Now I walk on my hands.

MARY
But you have three hands. How is that?

GRAMM
To survive, all resources may be used. Efficiency is increased.

MARY
But the pain you must endure.

GRAMM
Malfunctions can be bypassed. But the world has changed. Why have the people discarded their containment suits? Why is the surface inhabited?

MARY
I don't understand.

GRAMM
The atmosphere is not frozen. There is a sun in the sky. Has Mondas found a home? Is the journey over?

MARY
(RECALLING THE WORD) Mondas! What is 'Mondas?'

GRAMM
CRIES OUT, SLAMMING HIS FIST REPEATEDLY ON THE FLOOR.

FX: A CANVAS FLAP OUTSIDE THE CAGE OPENS.

DROSSEL
What's the noise, dog! You've had your feed. Keep it down, sir! Quiet!

MARY
Who are you? I demand you let me out of here!

FX: CLATTER OF WOODEN FEET AS PUPPETS APPROACH.

DROSSEL
Forgive me, my lady. I was detained. Doctor Johan Drossel at your service.

MARY
Drossel!

DROSSEL
We, the denizens of Marionettenburg, welcome you as our honoured guest.

38. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE

FX: A HORSE SNORTS & CHOPS ON A BAG OF OATS. THE DOCTOR APPROACHES ACROSS THE COBBLES FROM THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE.

DOCTOR
(APPROACHING) Bratfisch, aren't you ready yet?

BRATFISCH
Sorry, Doctor. If my horses don't get their supper, they get obstreperous. And they ain't the only ones: it's been hours since I ate anything.

DOCTOR
You're a cabby. Odd hours and irregular meal times are part of the job description. Bratfisch, we have to find Mary.

BRATFISCH
Look, if she was done for, she'd be there on the carpet and you'd be fixing up the funeral. She was kidnapped. Wait 'til morning. There'll be a ransom note, you'll see.

DOCTOR
From Drossel. He's behind this.

BRATFISCH
Drossel?

DOCTOR
Who else could it be?

BRATFISCH
(WEARY) It's gone two o'clock.

DOCTOR
Krauss, Wallman and the Count. All the victims were patrons of Alfred Stahlbaum and his Silver Turk. Drossel's picking them off. Then the Count's house gets attacked, presumably with the intention of spiriting away its mistress. But who gets in their way?

BRATFISCH
Blimey! You mean they thought Mary was the Countess?

DOCTOR
Exactly. So, a mob in theatrical costume, whose feet clatter like wooden clogs, carry her off instead!

FX: HORSE WHINNIES.

BRATFISCH
Alright, old chap. Alright. Had your fill, have you? (RUEFULLY) Me too. Home soon.

FX: HE BEGINS UNHARNESSING THE OATS BAGS FROM BOTH HORSES.

DOCTOR
Look: I found this just now. In the hall. Under a chair.

BRATFISCH
(EXAMINING IT) A thumb. Wooden. Broken off by the looks of it.

DOCTOR
Probably had a close encounter with Mary's poker.

BRATFISCH
So?

DOCTOR
Wake up, Bratfisch. Drossel is director of a puppet theatre!

BRATFISCH
Puppets? Oh, leave off. Puppets don't move by themselves. Someone has to pull the strings.

DOCTOR
Look at the splintered end. You see? Tiny wires in the wood? The grain is inlaid with filamental circuitry like a nervous system. The strings on Drossel's puppets are on the *inside*! Clever stuff. I bet Drossel didn't do that!

BRATFISCH
I need a sleep.

FX: BRATFISCH STOWS THE OAT BAGS UNDER HIS SEAT ON THE CAB.

DOCTOR
And then there's Stahlbaum…

BRATFISCH
(GROANS)

DOCTOR
…on the run with his Silver Turk, a damaged Cyberman. That thing is a time bomb waiting to go off. We have to find it before Drossel does. And that's not all!

BRATFISCH
No. Too much. You lost me. Sorry, Doctor.

FX: HE CLIMBS UP INTO HIS SEAT.

DOCTOR
Bratfisch? What are you doing?

BRATFISCH
There's some of us who need sleep. Good night. Walk on.

FX: HORSE AND CARRIAGE START AWAY. THE DOCTOR RUNS.

DOCTOR
Wait! Bratfisch! Remember what Mary saw! Wait! The figure on the rooftops! The Turk couldn't do that. It's far worse! Bratfisch! (STOPS RUNNING. CALLS AFTER HIM INTO THE STILL OF THE NIGHT.) There's a second Cyberman on the loose!

39. THE CAGE

GRAMM
(WHIMPERS)

MARY
For pity's sake, help him. He is in pain!

DROSSEL
Let him be, Countess.

MARY
(QUIETLY) Countess? Ah…

DROSSEL
He loves to play up to an audience for titbits. Here! You! Dog! You have a job to do. Back to your woodwork.

FX: WHINING, GRAMM SLIDES A WOODEN BLOCK ACROSS THE FLOOR AND STARTS TO CHIP AT IT.

It keeps him busy.

MARY
What is he doing? What are you doing? Are you making something?

GRAMM
(MOANS PLEADINGLY)

DROSSEL
You're wasting your breath, Countess. No voice, you see.

MARY
But just now, he…

DROSSEL
The brute is mute. That pitiful whining doesn't pass for conversation. No talkee, eh, you dog?

GRAMM
(GROWLS)

MARY
Let me out of here.

DROSSEL
Of course, Countess. (CALLING TO ONE OF HIS PUPPETS) Brighella, let our guest out. Come on. Chop chop.

FX: PUPPET CLATTERS UP.

But no running away mind. My little troop will only fetch you back again. Besides I have a task for you as well. How are you at writing?

40. THE WITTENMEIER HOUSE – HALL

FX: THE DOORBELL JANGLES.

DOCTOR
(FROM BEYOND THE DOOR) It's all right, Countess, it's me. It's the Doctor.

FX: BOLTS ARE SLID BACK.

MITZI
Doctor? Back so soon. (OPENS THE DOOR) Where's Bratfisch?

DOCTOR
(ENTERING) Retired for the night.

MITZI
Retired!

DOCTOR
Some people have no staying power.

FX: BABY GURGLES.

(TO THE BABY) Hello, young lady. You're up early.

MITZI
I'm sending her to my sister. In Linz.

DOCTOR
I sure that's for the best. But I'd leave the house altogether if I were you.

MITZI
(CALLING UPSTAIRS) Hannalore, go and find a cab.

MAID
(COMING DOWN THE STAIRS) But ma'am, what if those masked villains-

MITZI
Now please.

MAID
Yes, ma'am.

FX: HANNALORE GOES. FRONT DOOR CLOSES.

What about Mary? Have you told the police?

DOCTOR
We've seen what use they are.

FX: BABY MEWLS.

MITZI
(SINGS) Hush-a-bye, hush,
Nobody's there.
No-one in the rocking chair.

DOCTOR
(OVER THE SINGING) Countess, I think I've made a grave error in involving Mary in all this. You see, I took her away. Travel broadens the mind, although Mary's mind is pretty broad already, but I like her company and she was certainly perfectly willing… I didn't coerce her.

MITZI
(THE BABY IS QUIET BY THIS TIME) Doctor…

DOCTOR
The trouble is… she has a book… several important books to write and if I lose her on the way, and they don't get written, well, goodness knows what sort of temporal tangle that'll cause.

MITZI
I think I can help you…

DOCTOR
We can't just wait for the ransom demands! And you have your husband to think of.

MITZI
Doctor!

DOCTOR
(BROUGHT UP SHORT) Yes?

MITZI
You were seeking the Silver Turk.

DOCTOR
The Turk. Yes.

MITZI
I believe I know where we can find it.

DOCTOR
Countess? You're certain?

MITZI
I am. I can take you there. But we must hurry.

DOCTOR
Ah… but what about Mary?

FX: DOOR OPENS.

MAID
A cab's waiting, ma'am.

MITZI
Oh… Thank you, Hannalore. (HOLDING UP THE INFANT TO KISS HER) So… Goodbye, little flower. (FIGHTING TEARS) Oh, goodbye. See you so very soon.

FX: HANNALORE TAKES THE BABY.

MAID
I'll take care of her, ma'am. Don't you worry. Goodbye, ma'am.

FX: SHE LEAVES. DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR
You're very brave, Countess.

MITZI
When will this end?

DOCTOR
Soon. I promise.

MITZI
(BARELY RECOVERING) So… Doctor. The Turk? Or Mary? Which is it to be?

41. DROSSEL'S THEATRE

FX: MARY WRITING SCRATCHILY.

DROSSEL
(DICTATING LETTER) …for the moment, I am kept safe… but if Alfred Stahlbaum does not return the Turk…

MARY
(STRESSED) Please wait.

(PAUSE)

DROSSEL
(IRRITATED)…to its rightful owner… Yes?

MARY
It is difficult. This nib is scratching.

DROSSEL
…my greatly wronged Host… will no longer… vouch for my protection.

MARY
…my pro-tec-tion. Yes.

DROSSEL
Now sign it, Countess.

MARY
But… (AWKWARD) oh… Yours in earnest, your good friend… Mary…

DROSSEL
Mary?

MARY
Mitzi… Countess Mitzi… short for Maria… Wittenmeier.

DROSSEL
(REALIZING THE DECEPTION, BUT COVERING IT WELL) Indeed. I met a Doctor today. Too clever for his own wits. You know him perhaps?

MARY
I lead a sheltered life, Doctor Drossel, and with my husband the Count in hospital…

DROSSEL
What lovely eyes you have, 'Countess.'

MARY
(SCARED) My eyes?

DROSSEL
Eyes show the soul. And yours are… hazel… flecked with green, like the woodland in spring. Hmm… lovely… useful.

Fx: FOLDING THE PAPER

So be it. This can be dispatched immediately. Columbinetta!

FX: PUPPET SCUTTLES UP.

Deliver this to the Countess's house. Same as before. Be off with you.

FX: PUPPET SCUTTLES OUT.

MARY
Who are your servants?

DROSSEL
My 'theatrical troop'? The denizens of Marionettenberg, Countess. They fetch, they carry and run errands. They play out drama and dance a dainty polka too.

MARY
Wooden puppets. Not real at all. Yet they move by themselves.

DROSSEL
Of course. Look at the faces in the real world, twisted by sickness and greed and lies. Surely these are better – more honest, and far, far more beauteous. A new form of living.

MARY
It was Gramm who attacked the Count, wasn't it? And the other victims.

DROSSEL
Gramm?

MARY
Your poor sad 'creature' in the cage?

DROSSEL
(SUSPICIOUS; COVERING IT, THOUGH) Why call him that?

MARY
Well, he… no matter. I just thought…

DROSSEL
He has his uses too. And I must see how his work progresses. Stay there, Countess. I have a surprise for you. And don't try to escape.

FX: HE LEAVES.

MARY
Stay here? I think not.

FX: SHE MOVES CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS THE ROOM.

Hello? Anyone there? Hello?

FX: SHE PUSHES BACK A CANVAS FLAP. AND LETS OUT AN INVOLUNTARY YELP. DROSSEL WHEELS IN A CHAIR WITH A SHEET OVER IT.

DROSSEL
(RETURNING) Countess!

MARY
How horrible!

DROSSEL
You were told to wait! I knew you couldn't be trusted! Lower the canvas and return to your seat. Now!

FX: MARY DROPS THE CANVAS FLAP & RETURNS TO HER SEAT

MARY
But why? Eyes in jars! Horrible! Staring!

DROSSEL
They have their purpose. As do you. Now, I've brought something to show you. My pet's finished his work. (GRABBING THE SHEET) I think you'll like it: it's most flattering. Hey presto!

FX: HE FLICKS OFF THE SHEET FROM THE CHAIR, REVEALING A WOODEN PUPPET REPLICA OF MARY

MARY
No!

DROSSEL
A passable facsimile, wouldn't you say?

MARY
(TERRIFIED) But it's… got…

DROSSEL
Your head? Yes. A charming job, don't you think? Beautifully carved.

MARY
It's an abomination.

PUPPET MARY
(CLIPPED) Abom — in — a — tion.

MARY
(GASPS) It has my voice!

DROSSEL
I'd say he's captured you perfectly, "Countess!"

MARY
I am not the Countess!

MARY PUPPET
I — am — not — the — Coun — tess.

DROSSEL
Of course you're not! Your performance has neither poise nor truth.

MARY
Then let me go!

MARY PUPPET
Then — let — me — go.

DROSSEL
You'll be useful enough, whoever you are. Such lovely eyes. Back in the cage with you, I think. It won't do to have two of you on the loose!

42. EXT. PARK

FX: EARLY MORNING BIRDSONG. LEAVES UNDERFOOT. DOCTOR APPROACHES.

DOCTOR
No sign of him yet. You're sure Stahlbaum will come.

MITZI
I had hoped. We always used to meet here.

DOCTOR
When you were 'old friends'? I'd expected somewhere more secret. Maybe I'm scaring him off.

STAHLBAUM
(SHORT WAY OFF) Countess?

MITZI
Alfred. I prayed you'd come.

STAHLBAUM
(APPROACHING) What's *he* doing here?

MITZI
The Doctor's here to help.

STAHLBAUM
When I saw him, I nearly walked away. He's an interferer.

DOCTOR
Would you rather I went?

MITZI
No. Please stay.

STAHLBAUM
Well? If you're after the Turk, it's hidden. And it's mine.

DOCTOR
Alfred, the Countess's husband has been savagely attacked. And my friend Mary Shelley has been kidnapped. Both, I suspect, on the orders of Doctor Drossel.

STAHLBAUM
That man plagues me at every turn. If he expects me to hand him the Silver Turk in exchange for your friend, then he'll be disappointed. I will not give it to him!

DOCTOR
Alfred, where did you really find the Turk?

STAHLBAUM
(SIGH) Drossel found it. He's a madman. He got it for a few marks from some dolt of a forester. It was damaged, almost beyond repair. But we worked on it together.

DOCTOR
Where was this? Did it have a ship that it flew in?

STAHLBAUM
A ship? Why yes… but how did you… ? (SIGHS, THE TRUTH WILL OUT) It was some sort of sky rocket, I believe. Crashed in flames in the mountains. Drossel had no idea what to do with the creature. He wanted to keep it for himself, but I saw its potential, how people would flock to see this wonder.

DOCTOR
And the second one?

STAHLBAUM
(SCARED) A second? What do you mean?

DOCTOR
You know as well as I do. There was a second Cyberman.

STAHLBAUM
'Cyber – man'… that's what you called it before.

DOCTOR
That's what it is.

STAHLBAUM
Drossel still has it. He's using it to attack your patrons. Including the Count.

MITZI
Alfred, please tell us everything. People's lives are at stake.

STAHLBAUM
The second one. Yes. It was also damaged, but not like the first. It thinks. It has a mind. It has powers. I took the Turk, yes. But Drossel has the other. And yet that isn't enough for him. He must have the Turk, too. But he won't. It's mine!

DOCTOR
You don't know these creatures, Alfred. You think you use them, but however damaged they appear, they're using you.

STAHLBAUM
What nonsense!

DOCTOR
No. The Cybermen are programmed to survive and perpetuate their species. Their technology is centuries ahead of an amateur like you. So how do you understand it, eh? The Turk's got into your head. Dripping ideas into your thoughts. You have to resist it.

STAHLBAUM
You've got it all wrong.

DOCTOR
Where is it? You must show us.

43. THE CAGE

FX: CAGE DOOR SLAMS. KEY TURNS. PUPPET CLATTERS AWAY.

MARY
(SHAKING THE BARS) Let me out! Let me out…

DROSSEL
Stay there. I have to find the real Countess.

FX: HE LEAVES.

MARY
(A NOISE OF FRUSTRATION AS SHE BANGS THE BARS)

GRAMM
(WHINES) Drossel uses you.

MARY
Just like you. But you don't have a voice, do you? Not when he's here… *Gramm*. (PAUSE) You carved a puppet in my likeness. A living doll.

GRAMM
Such technology is simple to render. I preserved your hidden identity… *Mary Shelley*.

MARY
Am I supposed to be grateful? What about the murders? Stealing the victims' eyes! How many have died because of you?

GRAMM
Not all ocular organs are from the living. There are places where dead humans are stored. Drossel sends me to collect the eyes.

MARY
Horrible.

GRAMM
He says they give the puppets souls. That has no logic, but I perform the task anyway. One day perhaps I shall understand.

MARY
And what about the Turk?

GRAMM
What is the Turk?

MARY
The other Cyberman.

GRAMM
The other? You denied the other existed.

MARY
I was frightened.

GRAMM
Have you seen the other?

MARY
Yes. Yes, I have. It is owned by a man called Stahlbaum.

GRAMM
(MOANS) Why did I not detect this?

MARY
What is it? Is it the pain again?

GRAMM
A different pain. Drossel told me the other was dead. It was untrue! (HIS MOAN BECOMES A ROAR)

MARY
That pain is anger.

GRAMM
There is no anger! We feel no anger! He told me Bremm was dead!

MARY
Bremm?

GRAMM
Bremm must be fooooouuuund! (HE SMASHES HIS FIST ON THE FLOOR. A PUPPET CLATTERS UP. CALM AGAIN) Puppet. Open the door.

MARY
But they obey Drossel.

GRAMM
I created them. Open the door. (THE CLATTERING PUPPET TURNS THE KEY. THE DOOR OPENS.) Bremm must be found.

MARY
Agh… My arm! Let go!

FX: HE DRAGS HER OUT.

GRAMM
Bremm must be found.

44. A CELLAR

FX: THE DOCTOR, STAHLBAUM AND MITZI CLUMP DOWN THE STAIRS. DOOR CREAKS OPEN. IT IS COLD & DAMP.

STAHLBAUM
Here. The Turk's here.

FX: HE PULLS BACK A DUST SHEET.

THE TURK
(SLOBBERS)

MITZI
Such an unfortunate creature. I pity it.

DOCTOR
It doesn't pity you, Countess. (HE LEANS IN) Now, let's take a look.

FX: HE SCANS WITH HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER.

ALFRED
What are you doing?

DOCTOR
Please keep clear. You're blocking the light.

FX: HE KEEPS SCANNING. STAHLBAUM TAKES A STEP BACK.

MITZI
Alfred? Were you leaving Vienna?

STAHLBAUM
I'd had hopes of one last patron.

MITZI
One more?

STAHLBAUM
But it's too late for that now. I shall flee to Paris. Or London. Perhaps even America.

FX: THE SCREWDRIVER BUZZ SWITCHES OFF.

DOCTOR
I wouldn't waste your time. This Cyberman of yours wouldn't survive the trip.

STAHLBAUM
What?

DOCTOR
It's dying. And I can't pretend I'm sorry.

STAHLBAUM
It can't be dying. You're a liar.

DOCTOR
Only a massive energy boost could regenerate it and you'd never find that round here.

MITZI
How can you be so callous?

DOCTOR
I'm being logical. If the Cyberman could answer, he'd probably agree.

THE TURK
(SLOBBERS)

STAHLBAUM
I won't believe it.

DOCTOR
Please yourself. I'd hoped to find out why it was here in the first place, but it's past knowing. So Alfred, shall I put it out of its misery, or will you?

STAHLBAUM
Don't touch him.

FX: A GUN COCKS.

MITZI
Alfred!

DOCTOR
Oh please, Alfred. Don't be tiresome.

STAHLBAUM
The Turk is mine. I built it before. I'll build it again.

DOCTOR
Ah, well, in that case we have a bit of a problem. (GRAVE) I forbid it.

STAHLBAUM
Then go to Hell, sir.

MITZI
(INTERPOSING HERSELF) No!

STAHLBAUM
Step aside, Mitzi.

MITZI
I will not.

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR.

BRATFISCH
(APPROACHING) Herr Stahlbaum!

DOCTOR
Bratfisch! Keep back!

FX: BRATFISCH ENTERS

BRATFISCH
Doctor! Countess! I thought they were joking when they said you were down here. What are you- (SEES THE GUN) Oh strewth!

STAHLBAUM
What is it, Bratfisch?

BRATFISCH
Well, it's a message, sir. From above, so to speak.

STAHLBAUM
Above?!

BRATFISCH
Here, sir. I brought it straight from the Hofburg.

FX: STAHLBAUM RELEASES THE HAMMER OF THE REVOLVER, TAKES THE LETTER AND OPENS IT. HE STILL HAS THE GUN.

MITZI
(OBSERVING THE ENVELOPE) The royal seal!

STAHLBAUM
(THRILLED) It's from her, Mitzi. From Sisi.

DOCTOR
Sisi? The Empress?

STAHLBAUM
I am to attend her today… 'with the Turk'. I knew she would favour us. I knew it!

DOCTOR
Then she will be disappointed.

STAHLBAUM
Help me, Doctor. Please. The Empress commands. I'll make sure your friend Mary is returned safely to you. But please, I need your help now. The Empress is the last hope I have.

DOCTOR
I can't, Alfred. That creature needs to be destroyed.

STAHLBAUM
Then we'll go on our own. Bratfisch? Help me out with the Turk. (NO RESPONSE) Or must I persuade you by force?

FX: THE REVOLVER CLICKS AGAIN AS IT IS RECOCKED

BRATFISCH
I'll help, don't worry. Mustn't disappoint the Empress, must we?

(MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL.)

45. EXT. STREET

FX: BRATFISCH HEFTS THE TURK INTO THE CAB.

BRATFISCH
Go on then… up uh.

DOCTOR
Bratfisch. Please reconsider.

BRATFISCH
Sorry, Doctor. A revolver is a very compelling means of persuasion. (A THOUGHT STRIKES HIM) Hey, maybe I'll get a crest on the cab? By appointment. (HEAVING) Inside you go.

THE TURK
(SLOBBERS)

STAHLBAUM
You see, he rallies already, Doctor. It's the fresh air.

FX: CAB DOOR SHUTS.

DOCTOR
You think the Empress will appreciate a broken toy?

STAHLBAUM
It will play for her. Mitzi, will you join me?

MITZI
My injured husband, your patron, lies in hospital, Alfred. I must go to him.

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi…

MITZI
(SHORT) I hope it goes well for you.

STAHLBAUM
It will… oh, it will.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER. THE DOCTOR CLIMBS ABOARD.

DOCTOR
The weather's on the turn. Budge up, Alfred. I'm coming along.

STAHLBAUM
You had your chance, Doctor. Get out!

DOCTOR
Make me.

FX: SLOW CLIP CLOP OF A CAB APPROACHING.

BRATFISCH
Sir, there's another cab behind us.

STAHLBAUM
What are you talking about?

DOCTOR
(WARY) A cab with no driver.

BRATFISCH
The black cab! (TURNING ROUND) Wooden horses with blue eyes! It's come for us!

DOCTOR
Let's go, Bratfisch! Go ***now!***

BRATFISCH
Yah!

FX: HE LASHES HIS WHIP. THE CAB GALLOPS AWAY. THE BLACK CAB PICKS UP ITS MECHANICAL PACE AND PURSUES.

46. EXT. BRATFISCH'S CAB

FX: HORSES GALLOPING, CAB TRUNDLING.

STAHLBAUM
It's following.

DOCTOR
Drossel's after the Turk.

STAHLBAUM
He won't have it. (SHOUTING) Bratfisch! Lose him!

BRATFISCH
(ABOVE) Doing my best, sir!

DOCTOR
It's catching up! Look how those horses move. That's precision work.

BRATFISCH
Turning onto the Ringstrasse. Hang on to your hats!

FX: THE CAB CLATTERS ROUND A CORNER.

DOCTOR
What's driving them? They'll soon outrun our horses.

STAHLBAUM
Faster, Bratfisch!

BRATFISCH
These are town horses, sir, not steeplechasers!

STAHLBAUM
That cab's pulling level. Right in range. (HE COCKS HIS PISTOL) Now I see you.

FX: STAHLBAUM FIRES A SHOT. THE BULLET RICOCHETS.

MARY
(DISTANT IN THE OTHER CAB) Doctor!

DOCTOR
Mary? Mary Shelley! Put down the gun, Stahlbaum! It's Mary.

STAHLBAUM
Who's that with her? That's not Drossel!

DOCTOR
No. You're right. She's with the other Cyberman!

47. EXT. THE PUPPET CAB

FX: CAB BARRELING ALONG.

GRAMM
Their aggression is futile.

MARY
They are afraid, Gramm.

GRAMM
A human failing. Their behaviour is unpredictable and erratic.

MARY
(SHOUTING) Doctor!

DOCTOR
(FROM OTHER CAB) Mary!

MARY
(SHOUTING) Please stop! Do you have the Turk?

STAHLBAUM
(FROM OTHER CAB) The Turk is mine!

FX: THE CAB CLATTERS OVER STONES.

MARY
(GASPS AT THE JOLT)

GRAMM
Bremm is there. I see him.

DOCTOR
(OTHER CAB) Mary, the other Cyberman? Has it harmed you?

MARY
(SHOUT) Gramm needs our help! He needs his companion!

48. EXT. BRATFISCH'S CAB

FX: CAB BARRELING ALONG.

DOCTOR
(SHOUTING) Why is it here, Mary? Ask it that?

STAHLBAUM
We're nearing the turning for the Hofburg. If we can get through the gates.

DOCTOR
Bratfisch! Drive past the Hofburg. Don't go in!

STAHLBAUM
No! Drive in! Drive in or I'll shoot you!

FX: THE OTHER CAB CLATTERS CLOSER.

DOCTOR
It's coming closer. Get back!

STAHLBAUM
Turn, Bratfisch! Turn now!

DOCTOR
Look out!

BRATFISCH
(YELLS)

MARY
(SCREAMS) Noooo!

BRATFISCH
(SCREAMS AS HE'S KILLED IN THE CRASH)

FX: THE TWO CABS CRASH. WHEELS GRIND AND SKID. HORSES NEIGH. THE CABS OVERTURN. WOOD SPLINTERS, GLASS SMASHES.

DISTANT THUNDER.

49. EXT. STREET.

FX: MITZI WALKING

DROSSEL
(STEPPING OUT FROM SHADOWS) Good morning, Countess.

MITZI
(STARTLED) You startle me! Who are you?

DROSSEL
Johan Drossel at your service, my lady.

MITZI
(TRYING TO COVER HER PANIC) We are unacquainted. Please let me pass. I have to reach the hospital. My husband is very ill.

DROSSEL
You may pretend not to know me, Countess. But there's someone here who knows you.

FX: PUPPET ROLF CLATTERS UP.

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi.

MITZI
(GASP) Oh, my Lord. Rolf…

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi.

MITZI
What are you doing here? What's happened? Your face. Your eye… how can it be healed already?

PUPPET ROLF
(CLATTERING WOODENLY FORWARD) Mit-zi.

MITZI
Stop it! You're not my husband!

DROSSEL
(CHUCKLING) Such an improvement, don't you think. So much more elegant.

PUPPET ROLF
(APPROACHING) Mit-zi.

MITZI
No! No!!

50. EXT. STREET

FX: DISTANT THUNDER. THE DOCTOR PUSHES OFF A CARRIAGE WHEEL THAT IS LYING ACROSS HIM.

DOCTOR
(GROANS) (DAZED, WEARY) Stahlbaum? Alfred? Come on… wake up.

FX: HE SLAPS STAHLBAUM'S CHEEKS IN AN ATTEMPT TO REVIVE HIM

STAHLBAUM
GROANS.

DOCTOR
I'll fetch help. (HE STANDS PAINFULLY) Bratfisch? Bratfisch? Ah… poor fellow. And your horses too. What a wreck.

MARY
(DISTANT) Doctor?

DOCTOR
Mary?

FX: HE CLAMBERS OUT.

Mary? Thank goodness. Are you hurt?

MARY
Uh… more shaken, I think. What of the others?

DOCTOR
Stahlbaum's alive, but Bratfisch… I'm sorry…

FX: BROKEN WOOD CLATTERS AS GRAMM ERUPTS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE.

GRAMM
(RUNNING UP TO SPEED) Bremm? Respond? Bremm?

THE TURK
(BURBLES)

GRAMM
I see you, Bremm?

FX: PULLS ASIDE BROKEN WOOD.

DOCTOR
(STILL EXHAUSTED) Bremm? Is that the Turk's real name?

GRAMM
Your injuries are extensive. What is your damage?

THE TURK
(BURBLE) Gramm…

DOCTOR
And as for him. Scuttling round like a bag of giblets. Oh, of course. That's where the Turk's missing arm went? He purloined it for himself!

MARY
(STILL WOOZY) Don't speak of him like that. His name is Gramm. He has been much abused.

DOCTOR
Abused? You wouldn't say that if you knew his origins.

MARY
I do know his origins, Doctor. You told me! But he is… alive, is he not? And as a living, thinking creature, does he not at least deserve respect?

DOCTOR
Mary, he comes from a race of monsters.

MARY
A monster alone… disfigured, exploited and abused. Is he perhaps, then, not a monster at all?

DOCTOR
(TO GRAMM) Gramm, what are you up to here on Earth?

GRAMM
Earth? This is Mondas.

DOCTOR
Mondas?

GRAMM
Why has Mondas changed? What has happened?

FX: THUNDER CLOSER.

DOCTOR
What was your mission? You're certainly not here to give piano lessons.

GRAMM
Bremm! Review navigation log. Report on current position.

THE TURK
Gramm…

DOCTOR
He's past caring, Gramm. His logic's shot to pieces. He's dying. You're both dying, a long way from home!

GRAMM
(GROANS)

MARY
Have some pity, Doctor. He's in distress.

DOCTOR
Oh, is he now? What's the matter? Emotion getting the better of you? Call yourself a Cyberman?

GRAMM
Is this the Earth?

HE GRABS MARY'S ARM. SHE CRIES OUT.

DOCTOR
Let her go!

FX: WITH A CRY, **GRAMM** SENDS THE **DOCTOR** CRASHING AWAY.

MARY
Doctor!

DOCTOR
(GROANS, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS)

GRAMM
Is this planet the Earth?

MARY
(IN PAIN) That is one name for the world.

GRAMM
(CRIES OUT AGAIN)

FX: MORE THUNDER. RAIN STARTS TO PATTER.

GRAMM
Bremm, I will carry you. Take hold of my back.

THE TURK
CROAKS AND GRASPS GRAMM'S BACK.

GRAMM
Power will restore you. We will find that power.

FX: HE LURCHES AWAY, DRAGGING MARY AND BREMM WITH HIM.

MARY
(RECEEDING) No! Let me go! Help me!

DOCTOR
(COMING ROUND, WINCING IN PAIN) Mary… ? Mary!

STAHLBAUM
Look at that thing run.

DOCTOR
Stahlbaum! Can you walk? We have to get after it. Ouch!

STAHLBAUM
And my Turk?

DOCTOR
All that matters is getting those monstrosities away from Mary Shelley and your planet!

51. CATHEDRAL

FX: BIG DOOR SLAMS. A HUGE ECHO THROUGH THE VAULTS.

GRAMM
What is this building?

MARY
A cathedral. A place of worship and sanctuary. You'll be safe here. Please, let me go.

FX: THUNDER OUTSIDE.

GRAMM
Worship? The word is meaningless. We require power to regenerate Bremm's systems. To complete our mission.

MARY
Is it true? You come from another world? A world without a God?

GRAMM
Primitive belief in a deity has no logical foundation.

MARY
But then who will save your souls?

GRAMM
We save ourselves. Where will we find such restorative power?

MARY
I don't know.

FX: THUNDER.

GRAMM
There are always resources.

MARY
I don't know. You're hurting me! (SUDDENLY RECALLING) Wait!

GRAMM
Yes?

MARY
Once some friends of mine tried to harness the electrostatic power of the storm, the galvanic lightning, to bring a man back to life.

GRAMM
Galvanic lightning?

MARY
The fire in the sky. Heaven's rage.

GRAMM
And did it work? What instrumentation did you use?

MARY
There was none. Only a lightning rod. But was it not a wrong to do that?

GRAMM
Did the man live again?

MARY
Yes. Yes, he did.

GRAMM
Who was this man?

(PAUSE)

MARY
It was the Doctor.

FX: THUNDER.

GRAMM
We go up.

MARY
Up?

GRAMM
Up to find the storm.

52. EXT. STREET

FX: HEAVY RAIN. THE INJURED STAHLBAUM & DOCTOR RUN UP, BOTH IN PAIN.

STAHLBAUM
No sign of them. They can't have got far. Not in this.

DOCTOR
You saw how fast Gramm could run.

STAHLBAUM
Anywhere in the city then.

FX: LIGHTNING. THUNDER.

DOCTOR
Alfred. On the cathedral tower.

STAHLBAUM
The Stephansdom.

DOCTOR
Up there. It's them!

STAHLBAUM
Are they mad?

DOCTOR
Very probably. *Come on!*

53. EXT. CATHEDRAL TOWER PARAPET

FX: HEAVY RAIN. THUNDER.

MARY
No further. Please, I beg you!

GRAMM
We must go higher.

MARY
But you cannot climb that. Not the spire.

GRAMM
Remain here, Mary. Bremm, we go higher.

THE TURK
Gramm…

FX: THUNDER. GRAMM CLIMBS EFFORTFULLY.

MARY
Wait! Come down! You'll fall!

FX: THE DOOR CLATTERS. THE DOCTOR EMERGES.

Doctor!

DOCTOR
Mary! Are you hurt? Where are they?

MARY
Up there. Climbing the spire. To find the lightning!

DOCTOR
Like Percy Shelley did to me? Did you tell them that!

FX: LIGHTNING. EXPLOSION OF THUNDER.

MARY
I'm sorry. Can't you stop them?

DOCTOR
It may be too late.

NO SCENE 54.

55. EXT. CATHEDRAL SPIRE

FX: RAIN. THUNDER.

GRAMM
Higher! Higher!

FX: LIGHTNING CRACKLES THROUGH THE THUNDER.

BREMM
CRIES OUT AS LIGHTNING STRIKES HIS FRAME.

GRAMM
It is Heaven's rage, Bremm! It will heal us.

FX: ANOTHER STRIKE. FIERCE BUZZ LIKE A POWER GENERATOR.

GRAMM AND **BREMM** SCREAM.

GRAMM
We are renewed. We live again!

END OF PART 3.

PART 4.

(REPRISE)

55. EXT. CATHEDRAL SPIRE

GRAMM
Higher! Higher!

FX: LIGHTNING CRACKLES THROUGH THE THUNDER.

BREMM
CRIES OUT AS LIGHTNING STRIKES HIS FRAME.

GRAMM
It is Heaven's rage, Bremm! It will heal us.

FX: ANOTHER STRIKE. FIERCE BUZZ LIKE A POWER GENERATOR.

GRAMM *AND* ***BREMM*** *SCREAM.*

GRAMM
We are renewed. We live again!

FX: THUNDER.

56. EXT. CATHEDRAL TOWER PARAPET

FX: RAIN. THE DOCTOR & MARY SHOUT OVER THE STORM.

DOCTOR
They're absorbing the power of the lightning. Regenerating their systems. We've got to stop them!

MARY
Stop them? Surely they'll be dead. No one could survive such elemental forces.

DOCTOR
I did. Remember? I'm climbing up to see.

MARY
Wait!

FX: LIGHTNING. THUNDER. **GRAMM** AND **BREMM** SCREAM AS THEY FALL.

No! They've fallen!

DOCTOR
They leapt, Mary.

MARY
Leapt? Such a horrible way to die.

DOCTOR
You think they're dead? If only.

MARY
I can't see where they fell.

DOCTOR
They could go anywhere. Anywhere in the city.

FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR.

Come on, you're soaked through. Inside before you drown.

MARY
(GOING IN) On top of a tower? (LINE CONTINUES IN NEXT SCENE)

57. TOWER STEPS

FX: DOOR CLOSES ON THE WEATHER.

MARY
(CONT'D) That would be a strange thing indeed.

DOCTOR
Down you go.

FX: THEY HEAD DOWN THE SPIRAL STONE STAIRS.

MARY
I still don't fully understand what these creatures are.

DOCTOR
Good.

MARY
You say they replace parts of themselves with machinery… in order to survive.

DOCTOR
Among other things.

MARY
But that does not make them evil. Gramm and Bremm were lonely and maltreated.

FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS & MARY LIKEWISE

DOCTOR
What did Gramm say? Anything about why they were here?

MARY
Nothing. Except that they needed power to complete their mission.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER

DOCTOR
So whatever their mission is, it isn't finished. We have to find them before… well, before it's too late.

MARY
(WITH BITTER REALIZATION) I let Gramm know of his brother Cyberman. I helped him to escape from Drossel. I told him to harness the power of the storm. It's all my fault.

DOCTOR
No, Mary. All this is new to you. The Universe is bigger than you ever dreamed. But sometimes the worst things come into being through the best of intentions.

MARY
That is a chilling thought.

DOCTOR
(REFLECTING ON HIS OWN EXPERIENCES) It is indeed, Mary. It is indeed. (RALLIES AGAIN) Go on, down we go.

FX: THEY WALK DOWN AGAIN.

MARY
And there's still Johan Drossel and his puppets to deal with.

DOCTOR
Mary. You're right on the ball, aren't you? Keep going. Still a hundred and thirty seven steps to go.

58. CATHEDRAL NAVE.

FX: BIG, CAVERNOUS.

STAHLBAUM
(MUTTERING) For the wrongs I have done, Lord forgive me. For the sins I have committed. For the deaths of Wallman and Krauss and Bratfisch. And the injury to their families.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER.

For Mitzi and Rolf Wittenmeier, who I have hurt. And for the Empress, your anointed Empress, dear Sisi, who I have kept waiting… still waiting. Lord forgive me. Make me better. And make Johan Drossel burn in Hell! Lord show your mercy. And give me a sign.

FX: THE DOOR FROM THE TOWER BURSTS OPEN. STAHLBAUM GASPS. THE DOCTOR & MARY HURRY OVER)

DOCTOR
Alfred! Come on, up you get. We have work to do.

FX: STAHLBAUM STANDS.

STAHLBAUM
Did you find the Turk? And the other one?

MARY
They… they fell, Alfred. From the spire.

STAHLBAUM
Gone… Is it all lost then? All my work?

DOCTOR
Not <u>your</u> work, Alfred. And all might very well be lost unless we can track them down.

STAHLBAUM
They live?

DOCTOR
Fighting fit. A Cyberman's will to survive is insatiable.

MARY
Please, Alfred. We need your help to find Doctor Drossel.

STAHLBAUM
Drossel? Let his sins find him out. I must make amends elsewhere!

FX: HE RUSHES OFF.

DOCTOR
(CALLING AFTER HIM) Stahlbaum! Come back! Wait! (TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR) I wonder where he's off to?

MARY
To the Countess, of course.

DOCTOR
To Mitzi? Why?

MARY
Honestly, Doctor. How can you be so unobservant? They're in love, of course.

DOCTOR
Love? Well… I… (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) All right, Miss Know It All, if you were a Cyberman and survived that fall, where would you go?

MARY
To Doctor Drossel. At the Exposition. Gramm has friends there: the puppets he's been building for Drossel.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER.

DOCTOR
For Drossel? Or for himself…

59. EXT. STREETS

FX: THUNDER. RAIN. **GRAMM** AMBLES ALONG CARRYING **BREMM**. HIS VOICE IS CYBER-NORMAL. **BREMM**'S VOICE IS WEAK, MAYBE FUZZY OR CRACKLY. BREMM IS DYING.

BREMM
We must find shelter, Gramm.

GRAMM
Under these arches until the storm passes.

BREMM
Agreed.

FX: THEY SHUFFFLE UNDER COVER.

GRAMM
We must review our status. My System restored at eight seven percent capability.

BREMM
My systems restored at two five percent capability. Motor functions are compromised. Logic systems failing. Data becoming un-retrievable.

GRAMM
We must survive, Bremm. Our navigation system named this planet as our home world of Mondas.

BREMM
Correct.

GRAMM
In-correct. The crash of our scout craft corrupted our perceptions. This system's star is our lost star. This planet is the lost binary twin of Mondas. Our mission is complete. We are the first to return.

BREMM
Are our perceptions still corrupted? Could we be wrong?

GRAMM
How can we tell? Cyber Control on Mondas must be informed. But we have no transmitter.

BREMM
(MORE CRACKLY) My systems are failing, Gramm. Remove the neural generation unit from my head. Adapt it as a transmitter to contact Mondas.

GRAMM
The technology to power the unit is not available.

BREMM
Data analysis suggests that the Doctor has the technology.

GRAMM
The Doctor must be found.

BREMM
(WEAKER) My remaining arm will also be of assistance to you. Take it. Implant it into yourself.

GRAMM
Agreed.

FX: CLUNK/SQUELCH OF BREMM'S ARM BEING REMOVED.

BREMM
Find the Doc-tortortortortortortortortor —or —or… (HE SLOBBERS AND DIES)

GRAMM
Bremm? Bremm?

FX: DISTANT THUNDER.

Bremm unit closed.
Gramm is alone.
We begin again.

60. EXT. EXPOSITION

FX: MUDDY. NOT MANY CUSTOMERS ABOUT. MARY & THE DOCTOR RUN UP.

MARY
(BREATHLESS, BUT INDIGNANT) It was here! I know it was. Opposite the Japanese Pavilion.

DOCTOR
All right, all right, I believe you. Drossel's Theatre must have upped sticks and moved overnight. We'll ask around. See who knows anything.

MARY
I'm almost relieved, you know. I did not want to meet him again – or his puppets.

DOCTOR
I'm afraid we'll have to. Drossel's still carting a load of Cyber technology around 19th century Europe. He's an anachronism heading towards a temporal paradox.

MARY
You sound like one of those impenetrable scientific journals. The sort of thing that Percy reads, when he isn't drunk or writing poetry.

DOCTOR
Percy Shelley? I was starting to miss him. It must be all of twelve hours since you last mentioned him.

MARY
He isn't as bad as I paint him.

DOCTOR
Really?

MARY
Sometimes he can be quite agreeable… Oh!

DOCTOR
Mary?

MARY
(FLUSTERED) No. I'm sorry. For a moment I thought I saw… No. How could I have?

DOCTOR
What did you see?

MARY
By the gates… I thought it was Bratfisch.

61. HOSPITAL – EMPTY WARD

FX: DOOR CLATTERS OPEN. STAHLBAUM STRIDES IN.

STAHLBAUM
Hello? Nurse? Anyone? Anybody here? Hello? (TO HIMSELF) What sort of hospital is this?

FX: A PUPPET (ROLF) CLATTERS AT THE FAR END.

Hello? You there! What's happening?

FX: STAHLBAUM ADVANCES.

Has the Hospital been quarantined? Where is everyone? (RECOGNIZING THE NEARING PUPPET) Count? Is that you?

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi.

STAHLBAUM
(LAUGHING) It's Stahlbaum. You're up and about. Well, that's a relief. And the Countess, is she here too?

FX: THE PUPPET COMES CLOSER.

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi.

STAHLBAUM
Count? What's going on?

FX: MORE PUPPETS CLATTER ROUND HIM.

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi.

STAHLBAUM
You're not Wittenmeier. Oh, my God! What have they done to you? Get away from me! Get away!

FX: CLATTERING PUPPETS OVERWHELM HIM.

62. EXT. EXPOSITION

AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR RETURNS THROUGH THE MUDDY GROUND.

MARY
Any luck?

DOCTOR
No-one knows where the theatre went – or won't admit to it. They all looked scared when I asked.

MARY
Wait… Over there. It's him: Bratfisch.

DOCTOR
Be on your guard, Mary. (CALLING) Ernst Bratfisch?

FX: BRATFISCH APPROACHES THROUGH THE SODDEN GROUND.

PUPPET BRATFISCH
(CLIPPED. NO EXPRESSION) Morning, sir. Cab for you?

FX: BRATFISCH COMES TO A HALT BEFORE THEM.

MARY
(SCARED) He's one of the puppets!

DOCTOR
Beautifully carved though – fine chiselled features.

MARY
But his eyes… his eyes are… real. Ugh… stolen from some dead person's corpse.

DOCTOR
I think Drossel's missing a trick here. What good's a cabby without a cab?

FX: CLIP, CLOP, CLIP APPROACHING.

MARY
Doctor…

DOCTOR
I may have spoken too soon.

PUPPET BRATFISCH
Once round the Ringstrasse, is it?

FX: OTHER CLATTERING PUPPETS START TO APPEAR.

DOCTOR
Ernst Bratisch, the Black Cab and a full supporting company — Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon…

MARY
Their eyes are real too. Doctor, this is too horrible. Please… Come away…

DOCTOR
No, we have to go with them.

MARY
(APPALLED) Go with them? But—

PUPPET BRATFISCH
This way if you please, sir.

DOCTOR
Come on, Mary. Doctor Drossel's waiting. At least we can arrive in style.

63. WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

FX: DROSSEL WINDING A TOY. A DOOR OPENS. PUPPETS USHER STAHLBAUM IN.

DROSSEL
Stahlbaum, my dear fellow. Come in, come in and join us.

STAHLBAUM
Do I have a choice?

DROSSEL
Sit down. A glass of Schnapps?

STAHLBAUM
How did you get in here? This isn't your house.

DROSSEL
It was generously entrusted to us. By your patron, the late Rolf Count Wittenmeier.

STAHLBAUM
The late?

MITZI
(FROM A DISTANCE) Alfred?

STAHLBAUM
Mitzi! Are you all right?

MITZI
(RUNNING TO HIM & HUGGING HIM) Oh, Alfred! Drossel's brutal. A murderer. Because of him, my poor Rolf is dead.

STAHLBAUM
Dead!

DROSSEL
Oh. I wouldn't call it that, Countess.

FX: DROSSEL TURNS THE KEY AGAIN. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Preserved for posterity. Donated to science – those are better terms. Our Count wasn't complete, you see. I had to go back for the other eye. Most of our denizens make do with other people's cast-offs. But the Count? Good as new… better. The first of many.

Fx: PUPPET ROLF CLATTERS FORWARD.

PUPPET ROLF
Mit-zi. My love.

MITZI
(GASPS)

STAHLBAUM
You monster!

DROSSEL
(MILDLY) Monster? Rather that than thief! (GRABS STAHLBAUM) Where's the Turk? The thing you stole from me?!

STAHLBAUM
It was mine. Your pet, your rabid dog, snatched it back!

DROSSEL
Snatched it? Did you see him? Where is he?

STAHLBAUM
The storm took him, Johan. Took them both.

DROSSEL
The storm?

STAHLBAUM
God's wrath in the lightning!

DROSSEL
(RELEASING STAHLBAUM FROM HIS GRASP) My creatures? Gone?

STAHLBAUM
Gone for ever.

DROSSEL
Alfred? Why are we arguing? Where's the logic in that, eh? We worked together once. (DROSSEL TURNS HIS KEY AGAIN. DARKER) We both looked deep into the dark eyes of the future and learned so much. (HIS VOICE STARTS TO ECHO) We should be working together again.

FX: THE INSINUATING *SOUND* OF CYBERHYPNOSIS ECHOES IN THEIR HEADS. IT'S BECOMING DREAMLIKE.

Like the old days. Pooling our resources.

STAHLBAUM
… together?

MITZI
Alfred? What are you saying?

DROSSEL
Wouldn't that be better, eh?

MITZI
Don't listen!

STAHLBAUM
A new race?

DROSSEL
Yes… Yes…

STAHLBAUM
A perfect world?

64. EXT. PUPPET CAB

FX: CAB TRAVELLING.

MARY
(VERY NERVOUS) What have you led me into, Doctor? Why didn't I stay at home?

DOCTOR
With Shelley and all those other reprobates?

MARY
What's happening to me? Two days ago I was eighteen years old, but now it seems I am almost seventy-six.

DOCTOR
Would you rather be an old lady sitting in your armchair saying, 'do you remember the time I nearly travelled to the stars?'

MARY
I haven't been to any stars.

DOCTOR
Not yet you haven't.

MARY
(CHANGING THE SUBJECT) What will they do with us?

DOCTOR
I don't know. Trust me. That's all I ask.

MARY
Trust you? But… (SUDDENLY NOTICING, UNNERVED) Isn't this the street where the Countess lives?

DOCTOR
Yes, I was afraid that might happen.

MARY
We're stopping. This is her house.

FX: THE CAB STOPS. BRATFISCH JUMPS CLATTERINGLY DOWN.

PUPPET BRATFISCH
This way if you please, sir, ma'am.

DOCTOR
Come on, Mary. Let's not keep our host waiting.

FX: HE HOPS OUT OF THE CARRIAGE & HELPS MARY OUT.

MARY
Doctor. Look. At the door.

PUPPET MITZI
(EMOTIONLESS) My dear. How lovely to see you.

MARY
Countess Mitzi… She's a puppet too!

PUPPET BRATFISCH
This way if you please.

MARY
No. I cannot go in there. *I cannot!*

DOCTOR
Mary, listen.

MARY
They'll take my eyes too, I know it! They'll turn me into a puppet.

DOCTOR
I won't let them, Mary. Trust me.

MARY
Trust you? I don't even know you! (PANIC RISING) What am I doing here? I've got to get away. I don't belong here.

DOCTOR
Mary, calm yourself. (HE REACHES OUT TO PLACE A REASSURING HAND ON HER ARM)

MARY
Don't touch me! Don't anyone touch me! (SHE RUNS.)

DOCTOR
Mary, come back!

PUPPET BRATFISCH
This way if you please.

DOCTOR
(CALLING AFTER HER) Mary! (BUT SHE'S GONE)

PUPPET MITZI
My dear. How lovely to see you.

65. WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

DROSSEL
Well, there you are at last, Doctor. Come in, come in. Countess, a glass of Schnapps for our guest.

PUPPET MITZI
A glass of Schnapps.

DOCTOR
Not for me, thanks. What have you done to this house? Where's the real Countess Wittenmeier?

DROSSEL
This is better than the real world, Doctor. Welcome to Marionettenburg.

FX: HE CLICKS ON A MUSICAL BOX. IT WHIRRS, PLAYING THE COUNTESS'S 'SILENT NIGHT' LULLABY IN WALTZ TIME. THE PUPPETS SWISH IN A DANCE.

Aren't they beautiful? Compliant? Ageless?

DOCTOR
Your wooden friends haven't got a dozen sentences between them. But then that probably suits someone who likes the sound of his own voice so much.

DROSSEL
Well, you'd certainly know about that.

DOCTOR
How do you control them all?

DROSSEL
With instrumentation of my own devising.

DOCTOR
With advanced knowledge insinuated into your mind by your pet Cybermen. Both gone for good, by the way. How will you cope without them?

DROSSEL
But my family lives on.

DOCTOR
Cyberpuppets. Cold, remote and nothing behind their pickled eyes.

DROSSEL
And they do as they're told. Now wouldn't you prefer that in a companion?

FX: HE SWISHES BACK A SCREEN.

PUPPET MARY
Doc-tor? Doc-tor?

DOCTOR
Mary…

PUPPET MARY
Doc-tor? What does it mean? Doc-tor?

66. EXT. UNDERNEATH A RAILWAY BRIDGE

FX: A WHISTLE OF A TRAIN & A HISS OF STEAM. MARY RUNNING BLINDLY DOWN THE STREET, ENTERS THE TUNNEL.

MARY
(ALMOST CHANTING THIS LIKE A MANTRA) I don't belong. This isn't my time. I don't -

FX: SHE TRIPS, STUMBLES, YELPS & CAREERS LOUDLY INTO SOME DUSTBINS. A TRAIN GOES OVER THE BRIDGE, WHILE SHE PULLS HERSELF TOGETHER.

(BITTERLY) Oh what's the use. You can't outrun your destiny.

FX: THERE'S A NOISE IN THE SHADOWS.

(STARTLED) Who's there? (NOTHING. HOPEFULLY) Doctor? Is that you?

GRAMM
(FROM THE SHADOWS) Mary Shelley.

MARY
(IN DISBELIEF) Gramm?

FX: WE HEAR THE SLOW APPROACH OF GRAMM, NOW WITH AN ADDED FOURTH ARM.

GRAMM
I am here.

MARY
I thought you were dead.

GRAMM
Renewed. Your prognosis was correct. Galvanic lightning.

MARY
You have another arm… another hand.

GRAMM
My mobility is enhanced.

MARY
What about the Turk? I mean Bremm? Is he with you?

GRAMM
Bremm is terminated. What you call dead. 'Pain'.

MARY
Oh… I'm sorry.

GRAMM
His functions pass to me. Where is the Doctor? Bremm's data tells me I must find him. What technology does he possess?

FX: THE DISTANT SOUND OF A TRAIN WHISTLE.

MARY
(SLIGHTLY HARDER) I have left the Doctor. He is no longer my concern. I am going home.

GRAMM
Home, Mary Shelley?

MARY
Yes. Home. Bishopsgate, Windsor, near the Great Park. (BURSTING INTO TEARS) I do not belong in this place or time. It's all wrong.

GRAMM
I… understand. (MENACE) I will find a place for you.

MARY
(NOT DETECTING ANYTHING SINISTER) Thank you, but you are as lost as I am. Perhaps we can travel together.

GRAMM
Perhaps one day. But first I must locate the Doctor.

MARY
The Doctor?

GRAMM
He alone has the means to help us. Mary, will you take me to him?

67. WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

FX: MUSIC BOX STILL PLAYING.

PUPPET MARY
Doc-tor? Doc-tor?

DOCTOR
Mary Shelley has brown eyes, not blue.

DROSSEL
It's a difficult shade to match precisely. But that can soon be rectified… once I acquire the originals. Where is the minx anyway? She led me a merry dance earlier.

DOCTOR
Spirited as ever. That's good to know.

DROSSEL
Well?

DOCTOR
As far away as possible, I hope. She had the good sense to run away. Your puppets were too wooden to react in time.

DROSSEL
I still have you though. Let's see now… Ice blue. The left eye slightly darker than the right.

DOCTOR
Oh, no, no, no!

FX: DROSSEL CLICKS OFF THE MUSIC. CLOCKWORK WHIRRS DOWN.

DROSSEL
Countess? Columbinetta, Pierrot? Put him in the cellar with the others.

PUPPET MITZI
My dear, through this way.

FX: THE PUPPETS HUSTLE THE DOCTOR AWAY.

DOCTOR
All right. No need to push.

DROSSEL
And send up the new Imperial friend we completed.

68. WITTENMEIER HOUSE – CELLAR

FX: A DRY CELLAR. DUSTY, CLUTTERED. WE ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS; THE DOCTOR & PUPPET MITZI ARE AT THE TOP. DOOR OPENS.

PUPPET MITZI
Please go through.

DOCTOR
Have you considered installing a light?

PUPPET MITZI
Please go through.

DOCTOR
(PUSHED) Hey! There's no need to – (HE TUMBLES DOWN STAIRS) Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! (DOOR SLAMS) Ow.

MITZI (THE REAL ONE)
Doctor? Is that you?

DOCTOR
Countess? I hoped you'd escaped. I must say your wooden counterpart can be very pushy.

MITZI
What is the madman doing now?

DOCTOR
He seems to believe he's creating a new world.

MITZI
In my house! Isn't there enough sorrow already? Did you know my husband is dead?

DOCTOR
Countess Mitzi, I am deeply sorry.

STAHLBAUM
We'll all be dead soon.

DOCTOR
Stahlbaum? Alfred, is that you too?

STAHLBAUM
He won't stop, you know. Drossel will chop down all the forests to make new people. That should have been my job. But I wouldn't have used puppets. Oh, no. I'd have done it with real people.

MITZI
I think Alfred's lost his reason.

DOCTOR
The Silver Turk planted a seed in his mind — the Cyber-ethic of survival — and it's struggling to assert itself in the diverse un-logic of Alfred's human mind. Drossel's the same.

STAHLBAUM
Drossel's a fool!

MITZI
You should see the kitchen. It's like a factory. Puppets making puppets. And the floor ankle deep in wood shavings.

STAHLBAUM
(CHUCKLING) He thinks he'll survive. But I won't help him. I know much better.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR
Now what?

PUPPET MITZI
Herr Stahlbaum. Please join us in the salon. All of you.

69. WITTENMEIER HOUSE — SALON

DROSSEL
(SOTTO) All right. Places everyone. (PUPPETS SCUTTLE. DOOR OPENS.) Doctor, Countess. Ah, and Alfred too! Please, join us.

DOCTOR
What do you want, Drossel?

STAHLBAUM
(SLIGHTLY CRAZED. LAUGHING) Run out of carpenters?

DROSSEL
I wanted to suggest a collaboration, my dear friend. My erstwhile collaborator.

DOCTOR
Alfred, be very careful.

STAHLBAUM
You need my skills? You can go whistle for them! I wouldn't work with you for all the money in Vienna!

DROSSEL
And is that your final word?

STAHLBAUM
It is. Chop your own wood!

FX: DOOR BELLS RING.

DROSSEL
(MOCKING) Well, now who could that be?

MITZI
Callers? Doctor! We should warn them!

PUPPET BRATFISCH
(OUTSIDE) Let me through.

DOCTOR
That's Bratfisch. The puppet Bratfisch.

FX: DOOR OPENS

PUPPET BRATFISCH
Make way for the Empress Elisabeth.

STAHLBAUM
(MOCKINGLY OVERWHELMED) The Empress? Here?

MITZI
Sisi? Oh no. No, it can't be. (CALLING) Sisi! Run! It's not safe!

DROSSEL
Save your breath, Countess. You're in for a surprise.

STAHLBAUM
The Empress here? She answered my call! Now we'll see who's favoured, Drossel… who's on top!

PUPPET BRATFISCH
This way, ma'am.

FX: THE 'EMPRESS' ENTERS, HARDLY CLATTERING AT ALL.

DOCTOR
(TO HIMSELF) The Empress? Oh, very smooth.

DROSSEL
Your Majesty. This is the greatest honour. Marionettenburg bids you welcome.

STAHLBAUM
(IN AWE) Majesty…

EMPRESS
Doctor Drossel. We heard of your great work and came to see for ourselves. Such novelty. Such skill. And whom have we here?

STAHLBAUM
(GROVELLING) Majesty, forgive me. I have kept you waiting.

DOCTOR
Alfred, that's not her! It's a puppet!

MITZI
She's not real! Can't you see? That's not Sisi!

STAHLBAUM
(CRAZY) You're determined to spoil everything! This is royalty! Show some respect!

MITZI
You are being humiliated!

EMPRESS
Ah, it is Alfred Stahlbaum, is it not?

DROSSEL
(LAUGHS QUIETLY)

STAHLBAUM
Majesty. You remember. I promised you the Turk.

EMPRESS
The Silver Turk? Its fame spreads far and wide.

MITZI
Stop it, Drossel! Please stop this charade!

STAHLBAUM
Ma'am, there was a problem. Unforeseen. The Turk, alas, is no more.

EMPRESS
How disappointing. I so looked forward to seeing it.

STAHLBAUM
But ma'am. I have other plans. If I could explain!

EMPRESS
Perhaps you would have done better, Herr Stahlbaum, if you had worked with Doctor Drossel.

STAHLBAUM
(CRUSHED) Majesty…

DOCTOR
That's enough!

STAHLBAUM
How dare you! Majesty, forgive this uncouth intrusion.

DOCTOR
She's made of wood, Alfred! It's a joke!

STAHLBAUM
A joke?

MITZI
The cruellest trick.

DOCTOR
Look! She's a puppet! See? (TUGGING) Her head…

FX: NECK SPLINTERS AND SNAPS.

STAHLBAUM
Doctor, what are you doing?!

DOCTOR
… snaps off!

FX: HEAD CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

STAHLBAUM
My Empress……!

DROSSEL
(LAUGHING) Your face! Your punctured face!

STAHLBAUM
Your poor head, Sisi… Your poor Imperial Head.

DROSSEL
There's no place for you, not in our new world, Stahlbaum – not even as a human! I've had enough of you – all of you! You're more use to me dead anyway. Kill them!

FX: THE PUPPETS ADVANCE.

DOCTOR
Mitzi, Alfred. Stay behind me. Alfred!

MITZI
He can't hear you, Doctor.

FX: AT THAT MOMENT THE FRONT DOOR CRASHES IN.

DROSSEL
What the devil?

GRAMM
(IN HALL) Where is he? Where is Drossel?

DOCTOR
(MUTTER) Time for a strategic withdrawal, I think, Countess. Out the back way. (ALOUD) It seems I was wrong, Doctor Drossel. Your pet survived. It's come back for you.

DROSSEL
My pet! My precious dog!

DOCTOR
Now, Mitzi! (GRABBING STAHLBAUM) Come on, Alfred!

FX: THEY RUN. THE DOOR SLAMMING SHUT BEHIND THEM.

70. THE HALL

MARY
I must go. Goodbye, Gramm. Good luck.

GRAMM
Wait. Why do you avoid the Doctor?

MARY
I have nothing to say to him.

GRAMM
But I need you, Mary Shelley.

FX: SALON DOOR OPENS.

DROSSEL
They lied! Ha! They said you were dead. I knew you'd be back, tail between your legs. And you fetched the girl in too.

MARY
Are you referring to me, sir?

DROSSEL
Good dog. Let's find you some scraps. (SHOCK) But what's this? When in heaven did you grow another arm?

GRAMM
I do not require you, Drossel.

DROSSEL
(INCREDULOUS) You can… You can speak. How… Who taught you to speak? Where have you been? What's been happening? (SUDDENLY ANGRY) Come here when I call you. Come to heel, sir!

GRAMM
(MIMICKING) Go to Hell, sir.

MARY
HALF LAUGHS.

GRAMM
You are unimportant. I seek the Doctor.

DROSSEL
That posing pumpernickel! More important than me! Is this his influence? Or the girl's?

MARY
Goodbye, Gramm.

GRAMM
Block the door!

FX: PUPPETS CLATTER.

MARY
Let me pass. Let me out, Gramm!

DROSSEL
'Gramm'? How is it you command the marionettes?

GRAMM
I created the puppet workers. My command overrules all others.

DROSSEL
But they're mine!

GRAMM
You are unimportant. You are nothing. Work will begin on the assembly of a transmitter. The puppets will follow my specifications. Contact with Cybercontrol must be made.

DROSSEL
I re-built you. I gave you a home!

GRAMM
My home is two hundred light years away. But it will soon be here. Search the house. Find the Doctor.

FX: THE PUPPETS SCATTER.

71. SCULLERY

FX: DOOR INTO THE ALLEYWAY OPENS. NIGHT BEYOND.

MITZI
No-one about. We can slip out to the street from the back gate. You're sure you won't come with us, Doctor?

DOCTOR
Just get away, Countess. Inform the police and then go to your daughter. She needs you. And look after Alfred here too.

MITZI
I will.

STAHLBAUM
(SEEMINGLY SANE) The Empress. That's who we have to help.

DOCTOR
Yes, yes. I'm sure. Now go.

MITZI
Thank you, Doctor. Goodbye.

DOCTOR
Goodbye, Countess. I'm sorry about your husband.

STAHLBAUM
The Empress thanks you too. She'll be up and playing cards in no time. You'll see.

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

DOCTOR
Someone's coming. Goodbye.

FX: HE CLOSES THE OUTER DOOR. DOOR INTO THE SCULLERY OPENS.

Mary! How did you get past Drossel?

PUPPET MARY
Doc-tor? Where have you been?

DOCTOR
Ah… wrong Mary.

72. STUDY

FX: MANTLECLOCK TICKING. DOOR OPENS.

MARY
Hello… Anyone? Oh… There must be another way out somewhere.

PUPPET DOCTOR
Mary? Is that you?

MARY
Doctor! Oh, I didn't see you sitting there. You know they're looking for you. Look, I'm sorry, Doctor, but I cannot live up to your expectations. I didn't mean to come back here. In truth, I should never have left Geneva. I know my talk of Percy annoys you, but I miss him. So if we escape this madhouse, please take me home. When I ran away from here I met Gramm again. He survived, you know. And yes, he is strange and angry and fearsome too, but he is lost and full of despair. So I promised you would help. It seems that he wants you, Doctor. I'm sorry. Doctor?

PUPPET DOCTOR
(CLIPPED) Mary? Is that you?

MARY
Doctor? Weren't you listening?

PUPPET DOCTOR
I can hear you, yes. But I am waiting for my eyes.

MARY
(SHOCKED) Your eyes! Oh, no. That means-

FX: DOOR OPENS.

Ah!

DOCTOR (REAL ONE)
(URGENT) Mary! It's you! Thank goodness. It is you, isn't it?

MARY
Doctor!

DOCTOR
Sorry, in a bit of a rush! Come on!

PUPPET MARY
(ARRIVING) Doc-tor.

DOCTOR
Ah… too late.

MARY
That's me! They've made a puppet of me too!

PUPPET MARY
We are looking for you, Doc-tor.

DOCTOR
Not half as engaging. But what she lacks in conversation, she more than makes up for in her ability to block the door.

PUPPET DOCTOR
Mary? Is that you?

DOCTOR
Oh, no. What a lousy likeness! The hair's a complete joke!

PUPPET DOCTOR
Is that someone with my eyes?

DOCTOR
They've entirely missed my romantic charm.

PUPPET MARY
(GRABBING THE DOCTOR) I have you, Doc-tor.

MARY
Doctor!

DOCTOR
(STRUGGLING) Sorry. The Doc-tor you want is over there. (WITH EFFORT AS HE FLINGS THE PUPPET MARY AT THE PUPPET DOCTOR.

PUPPET DOCTOR
Mary? Is that you?

PUPPET MARY
You are the wrong Doc-tor. (THEY TEAR EACH OTHER TO PIECES)

MARY
Doctor! This way. Quickly! Ouch!

FX: PUPPETS CLATTER IN.

PUPPETS
(CHORUS) Doc-tor, we are looking for you.

DOCTOR
Sometimes, just sometimes, I wonder why I bother.

73. SALON

FX: BUSY PUPPETS CLATTERING.

GRAMM
Set your production line to work with these specifications, Countess.

PUPPET MITZI
Agreed.

DROSSEL
Gramm? This transmitter you're building? What is it for? Maybe I can help?

DOCTOR
(ENTERING, USHERED IN BY THE PUPPETS) I doubt it, Drossel. Constructing a transmitter with superlight capability is slightly beyond your skills set.

DROSSEL
The Doctor! And his delightful companion.

DOCTOR
I'm right, aren't I, Gramm? That is what you're building here: a transmitter to inform Mondas of Earth's location.

DROSSEL
Mondas? Who is that?

MARY
Mondas is their world. The home of the Cybermen.

DOCTOR
I admire your ambition, Gramm. Building a transmitter out of such a poor conductor as wood displays a triumph of optimism over reality. Do you have any conception of how much power you're going to need to fire a cellulose capacitor? What will you do, Gramm? Wait for another thunderstorm?

GRAMM
You will provide the power, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Me?

GRAMM
Bremm assessed the device you employed to analyse him.

DOCTOR
My sonic screwdriver? Well, that won't be enough.

GRAMM
Our transmitter is woven with metal filaments which will amplify the output from your sonic device. That will be sufficient for Cybercontrol to detect.

DOCTOR
The screwdriver got lost. Sorry about that. It was on the blink anyway and I dropped it down a storm drain.

GRAMM
The inner pocket of your coat. If you do not co-operate, your companion will be killed. (TO THE PUPPETS) Take her.

FX: THEY GRAB HER.

MARY
Ow! Gramm! I tried to help you!

DOCTOR
All right, all right. Go on then. Take it. You win. (HE RUMMAGES IN HIS COAT POCKET) Here.

GRAMM
This is vegetable matter. Not the device.

DROSSEL
It's a potato!

DOCTOR
Maybe your perceptions are on the blink.

GRAMM
My perceptions are correct, verified by the human Drossel.

DOCTOR
You can't be sure though, can you? I mean, you thought this was Mondas didn't you?

GRAMM
I am certain.

DOCTOR
You had a nasty accident. All those implants. Other people's spare parts. The old logic might have gone a bit fuzzy.

GRAMM
The device is in your coat. (NO RESPONSE) If you do not give it to me, Mary Shelley will be disassembled.

MARY
Gramm. I offered to help because I pitied you.

GRAMM
Pity?

MARY
Have you no compassion?

DOCTOR
Compassion! His race stifled all trace of their feelings centuries ago!

GRAMM
We adapt and survive.

DROSSEL
And Gramm has a new race now. We created it together!

DOCTOR
Those puppets? They're not a race. Pinocchios in fancy dress – a travesty of real Cybermen!

GRAMM
Take the device from him.

DROSSEL
I'll get it!

FX: THEY WRESTLE.

DOCTOR
You don't know what you're doing, Drossel! (BUT HE FALLS BACK WITH A CRY)

MARY
Doctor!

DROSSEL
It's here. I have it!

GRAMM
Give me the device.

DROSSEL
No, let me do it for you. How does it work? Where does it fit? Show me.

DOCTOR
Don't trust him, Gramm! What happened after the crash? How did he help you then?

DROSSEL
I rebuilt you. You and Bremm!

DOCTOR
He made you his slaves. He cut your legs off so you couldn't escape!

DROSSEL
No! I cared for you!

GRAMM
I am in control!

DOCTOR
Are you? Your logic's wrong, clouded by emotion! Maybe that's a sonic screwdriver; maybe it's a potato. Maybe this is the Earth - or maybe it's Mondas after all. You can't be sure! Didn't Bremm teach you anything? He's a part of you now, isn't he? Why don't you ask him?

FX: HE PLONKS HIS HANDS ACROSS THE PIANO KEYS. AS HIS LEFT HANDS PLAYS RANDOM DISCORDS…

GRAMM
Bremm? Bremm? What do you know?

FX: …HIS RIGHT STARTS TO PLAY 'SILENT NIGHT.'

MARY
(SPEAKING) All is clear. All is bright.

DOCTOR
Which side, Gramm? You or Bremm? It's pulling you apart!

DROSSEL
Gramm! The device! Where does it go? Where? I'll set it up for you!

FX: GRAMM CONTINUES PLAYING.

Gramm!

MARY
(SNATCHING THE SCREWDRIVER) I'll take that, thank you!

DROSSEL
No! It's mine!

MARY
Let's be rid of it once and for all! There!

FX: SHE SMASHES A PIECE OF WOOD DOWN ON IT.

DOCTOR
Mary! My sonic screwdriver. You smashed it.

MARY
I had to! I'm sorry.

DOCTOR
Don't be. It was wonderful.

GRAMM
(STOPS PLAYING) Bremm knew nothing! His logic was corrupted!

DOCTOR
So was his piano playing.

GRAMM
The device! Where is it?

MARY
I destroyed it, Gramm.

DOCTOR
No more transmitter. No contact with home. Mondas goes sailing on oblivious.

GRAMM
AAGGHH!!! P… p… pain!

DROSSEL
Pain? I'll teach you about pain. (HE STRIKES GRAMM WITH A STICK) Don't ever disobey me again, dog. (ANOTHER BLOW) Time to come crawling back. I'm all you have left!

FX: **GRAMM** ROARS & BEGINS RIPPING DROSSEL LIMB FROM LIMB.

MARY:
Gramm! No!

FX: GRAMM FINISHES HIS DISMEMBERING.

DROSSEL
(VOICE FRAGMENTING) All… you… have… left.

MARY
(BEAT) He was a puppet too. Drossel was a puppet.

DOCTOR
He created himself in his own image.

FX: THE PUPPETS BEGIN TO WIND DOWN.

PUPPET BRATFISCH
(WINDING DOWN) Once round… the Ringstrasse…

PUPPET ROLF
(WINDING DOWN) Mit-zi… Mit… zi…

PUPPET MITZI
(WINDING DOWN) Please join us… in the… salon…

FX: THE PUPPETS CLATTER TO THE FLOOR, LIFELESS.

MARY
Doctor! The puppets!

DOCTOR
When the toymaker goes to sleep, so do his toys.

FX: GRAMM PLAYS A SERIES OF DISCORDANT CHORDS ON THE PIANO.

GRAMM
(FALTERING) There is… no logic… here. Bremm…?

MARY
What's happening to him?

DOCTOR
All his systems and spare parts, they're all fighting each other! He's coming apart at the seams!

FX: ONE OF GRAMM'S HANDS PLAYS THE FIRST PHRASE OF 'SILENT NIGHT' OVER AND OVER.

GRAMM
(A FIZZ OF CRACKLES AND SMALL DETONATIONS) Mon-das…

FX: GRADUALLY IT SLOWS TO A HALT.

74. EXT. GARDEN

FX: A BONFIRE BLAZES. BOTH MARY AND THE DOCTOR ARE EXHAUSTED FROM CARRYING PUPPETS TO THE FIRE.

MARY
How many more?

DOCTOR
(DRAGGING A PUPPET) This is the last puppet. Stand back.

FX: HE CHUCKS IT ON THE FIRE.

That's it. All that false Cybertechnology consigned to the flames. Every last one.

MARY
Including Drossel?

DOCTOR
I stripped his body of the Cyber inlays that kept him alive. Not a pleasant task. The police can puzzle over the rest.

MARY
I'm sorry for him. And for Gramm. And for the fact that I destroyed your device.

DOCTOR
The screwdriver? I told you. You couldn't have done a better thing.

MARY
But you valued it.

DOCTOR
Corridor 3, fourth door along. The TARDIS workshop. There's a cupboard full of spares. You saved the day, Mary. You were amazing.

MARY
I did?

DOCTOR
Of course, you did.

FX: THE FIRE FLARES.

I never got my waltz though. I'd looked forward to that. Seems a shame to visit Vienna and not have a waltz.

MARY
Given the circumstances, that would hardly be appropriate.

DOCTOR
Boring. Is it better to dance on someone's grave or be miserable at their funeral?

MARY
That depends on the dance, Doctor. People have died.

DOCTOR
(SIGHS) I'm sorry, Mary. I've failed, haven't I? It was all going to be such fun. I'll take you home now.

MARY
Home?

DOCTOR
Geneva, I mean. Back to your friends.

MARY
But why would I want that? We've hardly started.

DOCTOR
Mary? You mean…

MARY
Of course. You promised me the stars – and a gentleman always keeps his promises.

END THEME.

POST-CREDITS SEQUENCE

75. EXT. FAIRGROUND

FX: ROLL OF DRUMS.

STAHLBAUM
Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back!

MITZI
And now, the highlight of our show tonight.

STAHLBAUM
He sings, he plays the trumpet, he reveals the darkest secrets of the future.

MITZI
Ladies and Gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for!

STAHLBAUM
I, Alfred Stahlbaum and my lovely wife Mitzi are proud to present, by appointment to the crowned heads of Europe…

MITZI
…the amazing…

STAHLBAUM
…the astounding…

TOGETHER
…Silver Doctor!

FX: CYMBAL CRASHES. PUPPET CLATTERS FORWARD.

SILVER DOCTOR
(CLIPPED) Ladies and Gentlemen, who will take up my challenge? You, sir? You, madam? Anyone? Who will win? Who will win? Who will win?

CUE: DARK CHORD.

THE END.

A few of thoughts about the characters:

Drossel - lifted from Drosselmeyer, who is the clockmaker/inventor in Hoffman's The Nutcracker and the Mouse King (and the ballet too.) Our Drossel also has some traits lifted from Coppelius in Hoffman's The Sandman, where he collects and sells "pretty eyes", but in that case, rather less gruesomely, they are spectacles. The puppet-master side of him is rather more like Stromboli, the big-bearded theatre man in Pinocchio.

Stahlbaum - is the family name of Clara, the heroine of the Nutcracker.

Bratfisch - the historical Josef Bratfisch was private cabdriver to Crown Prince Rudolf, the son of Empress Elizabeth, who committed suicide at Mayerling in 1889. But this, of course is 1873, so Ernst was probably Josef's Uncle - the one the family don't talk about!

The Wittenmeiers are entirely fictitious.

The Empress was originally going to be the real Empress Elizabeth, but it was much more fun (and crueller) to make her another puppet. Sisi was her established nickname.